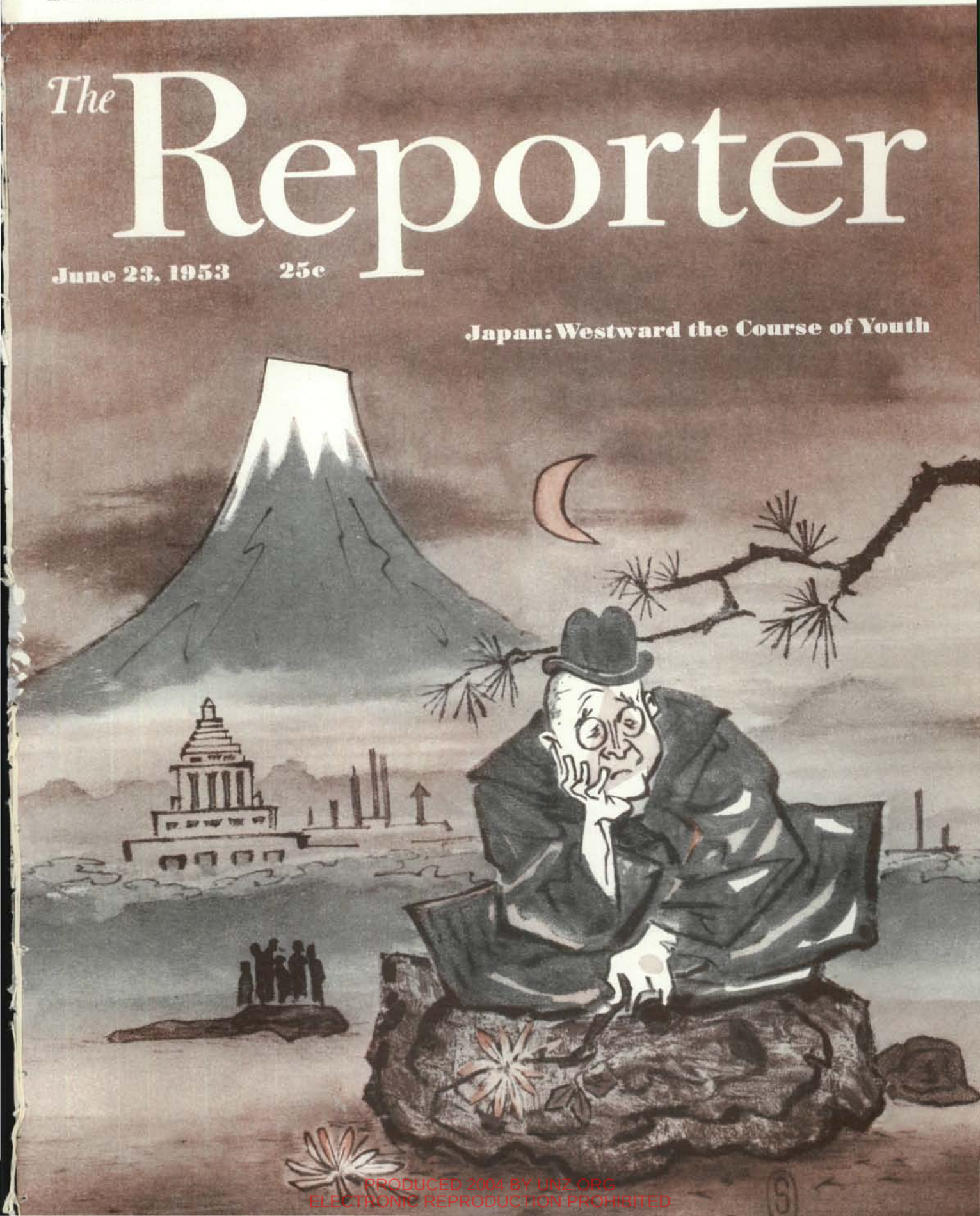
ARE WE CLIPPING OUR WINGS?

The Reporter

June 23, 1953 25c

Japan: Westward the Course of Youth



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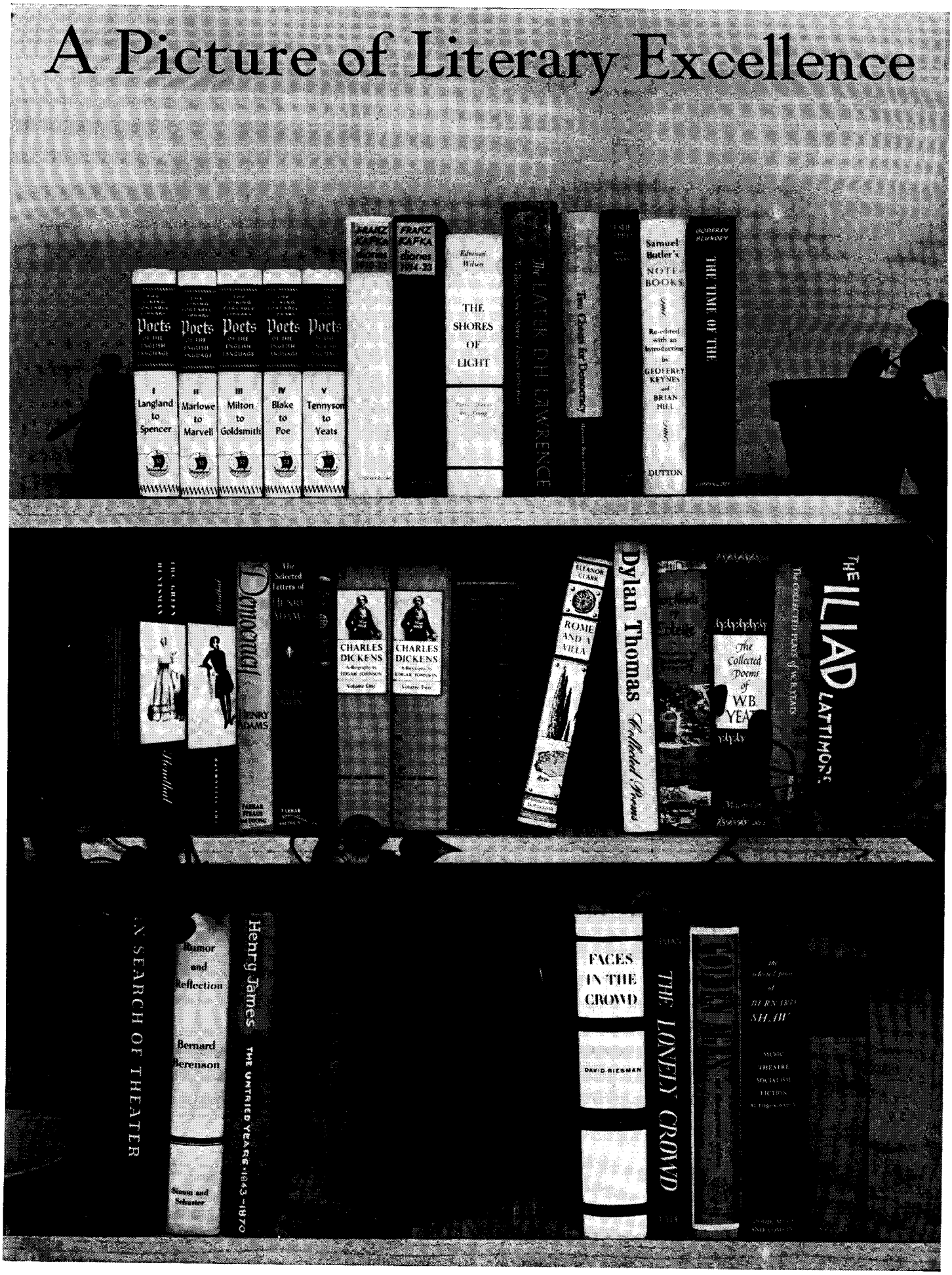

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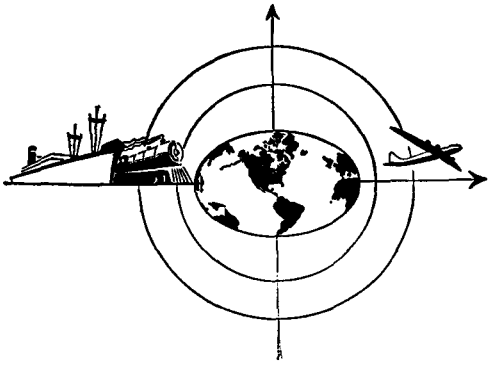

The Reporter's Notes

Q. & A.

Not long ago, a friend of ours agreed to do some work for the State Department. Knowing how the world spins in 1953, he was not surprised to be visited by a senior investigator, who inquired about his past career and associations. However, at the stage when such interviews usually end, the investigator cleared his throat and pulled a paper out of his pocket. He explained that under his new instructions he was to get answers to these questions:

1. Do you believe in the Marshall Plan?
2. Do you believe in NATO?
3. What is your feeling about Tito?
4. Do you favor recognizing Franco?
5. Are you in favor of our intervention in Korea?
6. What do you think about China?
7. Do you consider yourself a supporter of Chiang Kai-shek?

If the investigator had the right answers printed in the back of his notebook, we would like to print them too.

Air of Detachment

While we were filing away Senator Taft's historic Cincinnati speech, it finally occurred to us why it seemed so appalling. It was the tone in which it was written, its air of utter detachment from the real world of policymaking.

Not only did Taft write off the U.N. in Korea, though that would have been sensational enough for one speech. He also discarded the "Acheson formula" for using the General Assembly to act when the Security Council is paralyzed by a big-power veto; supported again the Communist position that all Far Eastern questions should be settled at once; said he wouldn't send American soldiers to the continent of Asia —thus ruling out not only the present Korean War but also any effective support of Southeast Asia if the Chinese Communists should invade in force; said that the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was "a military alliance of the old type," and "the complete antithesis of the [U.N.] Charter itself," as the Soviets have been claiming right along; and opposed the use of U.S. forces in Europe, preferring to have Europe defended wholly by the Europeans.

The commentators who are anxious to keep the Republican Party together quickly pooh-poohed the speech. After all, they said, you know Taft. This is the same crusty fellow, saying the same things he said in his book about foreign policy back in 1951. But these commentators missed the point. The point was that Taft, having been inoculated with governmental responsibility, was announcing that the inoculation hadn't taken.

More Important Than Justice?

The Rosenbergs have had their day in court—a day which, as we write, has already lasted over two years. The court before which they stood trial was the whole solemn hierarchy of our judicial system from trial judge to Supreme Court. They were ably defended by unintimidated counsel; sympathizers, Communist and non-Communist, provided them with moral and financial support; their plea for commutation of the death sentence reached the nation's Chief Executive, who denied it and gave his reasons for doing so.

The Rosenbergs had a meticulously fair trial under the full and exhaustive processes of our law. That is why the nation has a clear conscience as it envisages the lamentable fate of this couple.

That is also why a statement attributed (May 26) by the New York *Times* to officials of the Justice Department must not be allowed, unchallenged, to blemish the record. The officials are reported to have said, hinting at the possibility of a further appeal to the President, that "any information the Rosenbergs might give about the identity or activities of spies could be more important to the Government than their execution."

Since when has the interest of the government become the decisive element in applying the death penalty? Ours is a government of law. And we think that to our laws only justice is "important." Under totalitarian rule people are convicted or not, executed or not, regardless of the law; their destiny is decided solely by what is considered important to the government. That is one of the offenses against justice that we find abhorrent in the totalitarian systems. Ill-considered remarks by

SYNONYM

New York Herald Tribune, May 25: *"Core of Atom Is Fluffy Outside and Dense Inside."*

At last, dear Kinsey, the report verbatim:
Woman is but another name for Atom.

—SEC

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Justice Department officials cannot persuade us that such practices threaten us here.

Boomers and Boomerangs

As soon as Harold Stassen was appointed Director for Mutual Security, he selected fifty-six "evaluators" to look into the Mutual Security Program in the field. Most of them, for a change, were businessmen, and only a very few ever had had anything to do with foreign aid or foreign policy before. They were scheduled for two days of briefing in Washington, and some of them couldn't make *that* because of directors' meetings. Then they set off to evaluate what the government had been doing in the foreign-aid business. In charge of the expedition was Clarence Francis, chairman of the board of General Foods. The team that went to Rome was headed by Frederick C. Crawford, president of Thompson Products, Inc.

One of the ideas back of this project was that these men would come home booming the Mutual Security program, helping get across to their communities how important it is.

BUT just as the Administration was deciding to build up the Mutual Security Agency as the clearinghouse for all aid programs, Clarence Francis, as chief evaluator, brought out a report recommending that most of Stassen's job be "liquidated." Just as the Administration was hoping the Italian elections would come out all right for the Center coalition of Premier De Gasperi, its evaluator for Italy, Mr. Crawford, told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that none of the aid ever given by the United States to Italy "will make any permanent improvement." The only thing he found worth praising was the fact that De Gasperi had strengthened the national police.

There are plenty of troubles in Italy, for no way has yet been found for the U.S., by giving aid, to make in another country the structural changes that the welfare of the people demands. But aid—through the Allied Commission, then the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, and then the Marshall Plan—certainly has caused "permanent improvement" of very large dimensions, as the merest glance at the indices of production will show. During the Marshall Plan alone, steel production rose from around 2 million tons to 3.5 million; electric power went up from 22 billion kilowatt-hours to more than 31, and Italy more than doubled its production of motor vehicles. Mr. Crawford himself said that Italy is forty per cent better off today than "at any time in the last 2,000 years." (We assume Mr. Crawford is an authority on Italian history and knows the gross national product of the Republic in 47 B.C., when Caesar was busy installing Cleopatra as ruler of Egypt.)

The Italian Government could hardly contain itself when it learned about Mr. Crawford's testimony. Small wonder he didn't learn anything, a Rome spokesman said bitterly, since he had no contacts with the Italian Government and refused to talk to any Italians.

NO government program, certainly not Mutual Security, should be immune from independent "evaluation" by experts. But there are lessons in this incident for the next round of evaluators. First, they should be experts. Second, they should talk to somebody besides other Americans when they go abroad. Third, their trips should not be timed to rock the boat in countries where elections are being held. And fourth, they should button their lips when they get home.

THE GREATEST TRICKS ON EARTH

Step up ladies, step up gents,
See the lady sawed in two,
Watch Miss National Defense
Wilsonized in front of you—
See the Double-Headed Taft
Isolated on his raft,
Watch the Dinosenators
Walk the tightrope on all fours,
See the hairy Knuckle-Heads
Tear alliances to shreds,
Watch the audience hold its breath
At the Liberal Leap of Death—
Step up ladies, step up gents,
Here's a bargain that makes sense:
Pay much less than what it's worth
To be the Greatest Land on Earth.

—SEC

A Well-Misinformed Public . . .

The wire services and daily newspapers have their problems, and a magazine that waits two weeks between issues probably shouldn't adopt a holier-than-thou attitude. But the case of Clement Attlee and what he did or didn't say is a classic case of embroidery on fact.

A comparison of the news coverage given Clement Attlee's celebrated speech a while back with the transcript of what he actually said reveals what happened. The AP story from London, for example, started with: "British Socialist leader Clement Attlee charged the Eisenhower Administration's hands were tied in seeking peace in Korea by elements in the U.S. that do not want a settlement." According to the transcript, Attlee did mention "elements" not wanting a settlement, but nowhere intimated that they had tied anybody's hands.

An even stranger bit of embroidery occurred as a result of Senator McCarthy's response to Attlee. McCarthy took as one text for his attack an item carried by the Chicago *Tribune* Press Service from London that "Attlee said he welcomed Churchill's proposal Monday for an immediate meeting of heads of state, but he doubted the wisdom of Eisenhower's attendance." This particular quotation did not correspond to anything Attlee said, and was not carried in AP's original story. Yet next day the Associated Press reported: ". . . McCarthy took up Attlee's declarations . . . that the presence of President Eisenhower or any American might 'hinder' direct peace talks with the Russians." Thus the words Attlee never spoke were put into his mouth by the AP via Joseph McCarthy.

The day after McCarthy's speech, the New York *Times* headlined Attlee's protests: ATTLEE INSISTS U.S. MISREAD REMARKS. And so we did. All we knew was what we misread in the newspapers.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

EVER SINCE the early days of the First World War, when French and German pilots started to shoot pistols at each other from their little reconnaissance craft, ever since Billy Mitchell was court-martialed in this country because he wanted more planes, debate about U.S. air power has raged. That debate is at its loudest now because more than ever before is at stake. In our first three articles we try to get at the facts.

The first was written by **Roswell L. Gilpatric,** a man who knows precisely what plans for air power were inherited by the Eisenhower Administration and is therefore supremely qualified to discuss how Secretary of Defense Wilson is modifying them and to what extent. For until four months ago Mr. Gilpatric was at work preparing the budget for the Air Force. As Under Secretary of the Air Force (from October 1, 1951, to February 5, 1953) it was Mr. Gilpatric's job to procure airplanes.

Irving R. Levine's article deals with air power in one theater, the Far East. For twenty-six months Mr. Levine covered the Korean War and the truce talks. He also has had assignments in Japan, Formosa, Hong Kong, Indo-China, and Thailand. This year he came home to accept a Council on Foreign Relations research fellowship.

Air power is being cut back because we supposedly cannot afford to be strong. Words like "bankruptcy" and "economic disaster" are now common Washington handouts. Are we advertising to the world—and to ourselves—a weakness that is mostly imaginary? **Edwin L. Dale, Jr.,** tests the metabolism of our economy to see if we can stand the strain of defending ourselves. Mr. Dale is a member of the Washington bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune,* specializing on economic subjects.

WHEN unrest and violence break out anywhere in the world, *The Reporter* wants to know the reason why. The Mau Mau revolt in Kenya continues unabated. **Oden and Olivia Meeker** have been traveling in Africa, and we have already published four of their reports. We now present the results of their personal observations in Kenya.

If you look down from the press gallery at a session of the Indian Parliament you get a strange impression of diversity. People from all over India have come in their varied dress to this new parliament of a new nation, and to us, accustomed to our Senators and Congressmen in their standardized business suits, the spectacle is exotic. Yet the New Englanders and the Southerners who traveled through the mud to our first Constitutional Convention were not dressed alike.

Our first Congress must have looked exotic to Europeans. To Europeans, American democracy seemed uncouth, and this is something worth remembering when we are inclined to judge the attainments of democracy in Asian countries by the degree of resemblance between their institutions and our own. At least as good a basis for comparison would be to take a good look at the changes democracy has brought to life in an Indian village. **Jean Lyon,** well known to our readers, is an observer who manages to get close to the lives of individuals—upon whom depends the functioning of any institution.

Eric F. Goldman is a recognized historian of American liberalism. Educated at Johns Hopkins, Professor Goldman taught there from 1935 to 1940. He is now associate professor of history at Princeton. His article in this issue may be considered an addendum to his recent book, *Rendezvous with Destiny,* a history of modern American reform, which has recently won Columbia University's Bancroft Prize.

OUR COVER, painted by **San Bon Matsu,** a talented young Japanese-American portraitist, shows a Japanese gentleman attired in a mixture of Oriental and western clothes. At first sight the contrast between this modern Japanese and the modern Diet Building, with traditional Fujiyama in the background, is, despite the artistry and color of the design, faintly comic. (Also, the Diet Building and Fujiyama are actually many miles apart.) But the process through which Japan is becoming westernized and the great strain this process places upon traditional Japanese civilization present one of the most serious problems of modern times.

By what is happening in Japan one can measure what can happen in other Asian countries seeking to absorb the heritage of the West without harm to an ageless heritage of their own. **Harold Strauss** met Japan in 1945 and 1946, when he served under the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers. Subsequently he visited Japan many times and became greatly interested in the Japanese people. He gives us conclusions drawn after his most recent stay. Mr. Strauss is Editor in Chief at Alfred A. Knopf. From his account it is evident that exporting some of the tinnier products of our country is not the most effective way in which the United States can help contemporary Japan.

Immediately upon completing his vignette of the piccolo player, **Bill Mauldin** left for England to attend the Coronation.

Continuing our coverage of music in relation to American life, **James Hinton, Jr.,** former managing editor of *Musical America,* argues that the best way to encourage opera in the United States is to call it by some other name.

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MAX ASCOLI

Three Countries—and Us

SINCE the end of the war, nearly one-third of the French and Italian peoples have aligned themselves solidly on the side of Communism. In the same proportion, Communist rule has been extended to one-third of the human race. In both Latin countries Communism has been stabilized, or as the saying goes, contained, but with no signs so far of any rollback in pro-Soviet strength, no evidence that democracy's "political warfare" has succeeded in liberating one out of three French or Italians from the grip that the expectation or the fear of Communist revolution has clamped on them.

In both countries the hard business of living is so all-absorbing that individuals and groups are left with no great disposition to subordinate their interests to the national welfare; at the same time, the idea of the nation, just because of its remoteness, lends itself to passionate outbursts of unthinking rhetorical nationalism. The Communists cultivate French and Italian nationalism, just as they see to it that no basic cause of political instability or social unrest is ever removed. In the countries they do not control, the natural resource of local Communists is the cultivation of national liabilities.

Much more vividly than in the General Assembly of the United Nations, the political configuration of our world is mirrored in the marshes of French and Italian politics. These two ancient and vital centers of western civilization still give our world the measure of its plight. But while French and Italian politics mirror what Russia's role is in one-third of the world, they show little evidence of what America does in the other two-thirds.

Going It Alone

The American who goes to inquire about the politics of countries like Britain or France or Italy is in for a rather unpleasant time these days. Even if he happens to be an isolationist, he is likely to be disturbed by the realization that his "go-it-alone" pattern of thinking seems to be a European fashion. The British are too naturally reserved and polite to put much emphasis on it, but certainly they have the Commonwealth, which, particularly in these days of Coronation pageantry, offers a dramatic instance of how far intercontinental, interracial partnership can go. Moreover, if Sir Winston's offers of his good services as broker between East and West are too long spurned, Britain has one more chance —to be sure, not cherished—to go it alone.

France and Italy show singular dispositions to use their full sovereignty and go it alone—straight into chaos. Yet in the backs of many Italian and French minds there is a rather deep-seated assumption: If out of chaos a right-wing dictator should emerge, America could not help being involved in his adventure; and if, on the contrary, Communism should come to power, America would be even more deeply involved.

NO MATTER what his political belief may be, any American who cares for his country is subject to acute embarrassment when asked to explain the policies of the Administration. At home, he may be inclined to lean over backward and give every possible chance to the apprentice statesmen, hoping that in due time they will learn the trade of government. But abroad the realization comes quite forcibly that history does not allow any man or any nation burdened with decisive responsibilities to take time off, or history will entrust the main roles to different protagonists. The men who form the new government team in Soviet Russia are certainly not new to the exercise of power.

Europeans are quite familiar with the causes of our Administration's difficulties in developing its own foreign policy, for they know by their own experience how bitter and devastating intraparty factionalism can be. But they cannot figure out why the Administration puts so much emphasis on keeping together a hopelessly split party. This emphasis on unity would be understandable to them if the Republicans' conquest of power had been the revolutionary culmination of a hard-fought class struggle. But although the Europeans heard about a "crusade" during our last campaign, they didn't

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hear about a businessmen's revolution, and they have always been told that class struggle is un-American. It is remarkable that the British Tories, people who know something about the technique and aims of conservatism, are as baffled as the Labourites, and perhaps even more so.

There Used to Be a Policy

Yet there used to be an American policy, or rather there were the first outlines of an American policy, slowly and haltingly developed during most of the Truman Administration. That policy never became fully articulate, nor was it forcefully expressed, or ever dramatized, to fire the imaginations of people at home and abroad. It petered out both because of the Opposition's reckless attacks and because at the beginning of last year the Presidential campaign started—that long holiday of American leadership which has not yet been brought to a close.

A policy of interlocking associations—ranging all the way from federations to loose alliances, led but not bossed by the United States—has been in the making ever since the end of the war. There are many such federations, some still on the drawing board, some already in the working stage.

All these various experiments in federation are designed, through a merging of forces, to lift from the shoulders of each component state burdens that each state by itself cannot endure. Causes of disturbance or of suffering whose range is supranational can be dealt with only by organisms whose scope is supranational. Each major power in the non-Communist world is involved in several of these supranational bodies. Directly or indirectly, the United States is involved in them all, for America's leadership can be effective only if a system is set up that stimulates the various nations, singly and together, to do their utmost for their own welfare and freedom.

In our country, where the devotion to states' rights is still so strong that during the last election it was voiced with approximately equal vehemence by both candidates, there is little or no desire to see other nations' sovereignties entirely submerged into colossal, Moloch-like superstates.

But nationalisms of the most obtuse variety raise extraordinarily strong obstacles to the establishment of an interlocking system of alliances. In Europe, it is quite obvious that politicians of all parties are nationalists, while statesmen are heartily in favor of European integration. This was particularly noticeable in Italy, where during the campaign there was little or no talk of a European Defense Community or of federal union even on the part of those leaders who had been persistent advocates of the European cause. When statesmen go out to get the votes, they talk as politicians. Yet the evidence is there that everywhere in western Europe, whenever the cause of unity has been brought to the attention of workers, of students, of citizens from all walks of life, the response has been enthusiastic. But politicians do not look with relish at the prospect of giving up even part of their power to decide on national defense, or on trade, or on economic reforms to some newfangled supranational parliament.

The resistance of European politicians to dangerous novelties hardens these days when they look at the internal politics of the United States. They see the U.S. Senate going all out for the Bricker Amendment, and no longer fear that the United States may give to the world it is supposed to lead the example of yielding a shred of its national sovereignty. American diplomacy, to be sure, goes on preaching, and with the utmost bad grace, the cause of other peoples' integration. But how can this berating be taken seriously abroad when the Administration does not succeed in establishing any degree of integration among the various branches of the U.S. government?

Yet the American policy of interlocking alliances, each established for a definite, limited purpose, was and still is the only one that can prevent the Communist entrapment and enslavement of our Allies. It is a policy that puts a premium on both supranational unity and national self-reliance—the only policy that can tackle the irksome difficulties of each nation by separating what can be done by supranational bodies and what is within the means of the nation principally concerned. There is no other way of draining the swamps of French and Italian politics.

This American policy is no egghead's dream. NATO shows that this policy works. NATO has achieved its primary goal of building up a thoroughly interallied defense system. It has given notice to the Russians that if they attack in western Europe, they will be up against the fight of their lives. NATO operates with a thoroughly interallied general staff led, but not bossed, by an American supreme commander.

ABOUT a year ago, quite a number of citizens, worried by what political factions could do to our system of alliances, decided that the man who more than anyone else could be credited with the setting up of NATO had to come home to unite the country and lead the free world.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'SUPERFLUOUS ELECTION'?

To the Editor: Max Ascoli's foreword to the *Political Yearbook—1952* concludes that the election of 1952 was "superfluous." Vaguely, I recall that *The Reporter* spent one heck of a lot of space trying to convince us that Mr. Stevenson was the Boy of the Hour. Now in the *Yearbook* you devote more space to this "superfluous" event. Does this mean that you consider *The Reporter* and its views equally superfluous? It was the wrong adjective, for there are still a few of us (even after twenty years of New Dealism) who consider our free elections important.

Equally discouraging are the many pages given over in the *Yearbook* to the reprint of your mental gyrations on the "we-like-Ike, we-liked-Ike, we-don't-like-Ike" reversal. Why remind us of your feet of clay? Like some other confused "liberals," you made much fuss over campaigning for Mr. Eisenhower's victory at the Republican Convention and then damned him for being the candidate of those who had nominated him —the Republican Party.

May I respectfully suggest that *The Reporter* reconsider the import of the election. A good many Americans took a good, thoughtful look at the parties headed by Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Eisenhower. And a good many "liberals" gave new thought to that philosophy they espouse—and to the delusions of the New Deal "liberalism" they had so long followed without question. Thus the election of November last, *The Reporter* notwithstanding, was anything but "superfluous." Perhaps it would be well for *The Reporter* to re-evaluate the meaning of liberalism, contrasting the individualism of the Republicans with the mass-equalizing beliefs of the Democrats.

Who knows, you might end up with those of us who do not leap up for the Democrats —just because we are liberals!

GEORGE E. DAVIE
Sunland, California

(We called the campaign superfluous because what most people wanted was apparently achieved at the end. How expensive the superfluous campaign has proved to be, how much the President's executive power has been limited by commitments made during the campaign, Mr. Davie can read in the newspapers every day.)

A.A.U. AND A.A.U.P.

To the Editor: Two reports were recently issued on the rights and duties of university professors—one by the Association of American Universities, the other by the University of Minnesota chapter of the American Association of University Professors. Comparing the two reports, one must question the "wholehearted agreement" which *The Reporter* recently gave the A.A.U. document.

The opposite opinion was expressed recently in an editorial in the University of Minnesota's student newspaper, *Minnesota Daily*, Thursday, April 2, 1953: "[The A.A.U. report] says that any professor who refuses to testify must prove his fitness to hold a teaching position, and the university has an obligation to re-examine his right to a job. The faculty group, on the other hand, says the duty of a faculty member is to 'answer questions put by legally competent authority that are directly relevant' to his competence as a faculty member. This stand, we feel, offers some protection to a professor who refuses to testify before irresponsible committees. . . . The administration statement, on the other hand, leaves little assurance that a professor hounded by a publicity conscious investigating committee could hope to stay employed."

Another difference between the two reports concerns hiring Communists as instructors. To quote the same editorial: "We also wonder about the A.A.U. stand that would disqualify card-carrying Communists from teaching. None of us would condone a Communist professor, or any professor, who lies, distorts subject matter or hampers free inquiry. But it is dangerous to make a blanket rejection of persons who hold certain political beliefs. Such a step leaves the door wide open to interference with free thought based on popular prejudice. . . . The faculty realizes this when they say present membership in the Communist party is not criminal per se. They know the extent and character of the Communist's activity must be taken into account. This certainly accomplishes the same purpose as the A.A.U. statement: any instructor will be fired if shackled by political beliefs that make him incompetent in the classroom."

A similar reaction against the A.A.U. report was shown by Robert S. Lynd, a leading sociologist at Columbia University, in an address prepared for the Columbia chapter of the A.A.U.P. (from the New York *Times*, April 8, 1953). Professor Lynd called the A.A.U. report "the most serious blow that education has received." Academic freedom has been "compromised," he said, by conceding that teachers should be subjected to a political test and that using the Fifth Amendment for protection "is an indication of probable guilt." Freedom in intellectual matters, he asserted, is either "unqualified or it does not exist."

NANCY J. ROSSO
Minneapolis

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

To the Editor: You have done the nation a service by publishing Wallace Stegner's article, "Public Lands and Itching Fingers" (*The Reporter*, May 12). We have had warnings of what would take place when the opportunity came. H.R. 4023 in the House and S. 1491 in the Senate purport merely to "stabilize" the livestock industry, but what they do is to give the stockmen a controlling voice in the management of public grazing lands. In the wording of the bills lip service is given to the rights of other users of the public lands—timber operators, hunters and fishermen, and vacationers—but they are not really provided for in this one-interest legislation. Disarmingly mild in appearance, these bills are the opening wedge. Representative Clifford R. Hope and Senator George D. Aiken have introduced bills to counteract this move.

Some commercial groups truly have "itching fingers" today and are not satisfied with sharing public lands with other people. Let me say, too, that among conservationists are to be found certain people in the lumber business, stockmen, and others in many types of business. Some stockmen groups in the past have protested against the actions of their leaders. The thousands who are struggling *against* this move to take over the public lands consist of public-spirited people from practically every occupation and field of interest. Therein lies our hope, for the defense has its base in democracy.

OLAUS J. MURIE
Director and President
The Wilderness Society
Moose, Wyoming

THE LAST WORD

To the Editor: We have noticed, with considerable amusement, correspondence in your letters column concerning the change of Molehill to Mountain. [In "A Town by Any Other Name," *The Reporter*, April 14, William S. Fairfield wrote: "In 1949, the producers of a radio stunt program had persuaded a small Southern town to change its name from Mountain to Molehill." A letter from Charleton C. Pierce in the May 12 issue stated: "The name Mountain was not changed to Mole Hill, but it was the other way about, and the radio fellers had nothing to do with it."]

Inasmuch as we had a great deal to do with this change, I think the real story might be in order. Both Mr. Fairfield and Mr. Pierce are in error.

The community of Molehill, West Virginia, was changed to Mountain, West Virginia, on July 4, 1948, through the efforts of the Kenyon & Eckhardt Advertising Agency, working on behalf of the Borden Company, who were sponsoring a radio program on CBS called "County Fair."

It was a stunt, but a stunt which had considerable value for the citizens of Molehill, who had their road fixed; West Virginia, which received excellent publicity; Senator Kilgore, ditto; and Postmaster Foster of Pennsboro, whose wife makes the best mint juleps south of Boston.

HAL DAVIS
Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.
New York

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Retreat In Air Power

ROSWELL L. GILPATRIC

THE FIRST major decisions on defense policy made by the Eisenhower Administration were revealed in the revised military budget for fiscal 1954, which Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson presented to Congress on May 11. The most striking feature of the revised defense budget is the proposed cutback in air power resulting from Mr. Wilson's decision to reduce the end strength of the Air Force from 143 wings to 120 wings or less.

This retreat in air power is certainly a paradox. Up to now the Republican Party has been demanding more air power. Every one of the successive increases in the end strength of the Air Force since Korea, from forty-eight up to 143 wings, has been enthusiastically supported by the Republican leadership in Congress. Some Republican leaders, notably former Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., favored even larger force goals. Senator Taft, in his book *A Foreign Policy for Americans* (1951), summed up his position in the following words:

"Not only is an all-powerful air force the best possible defense for the United States, but it is also the best deterrent to war. . . ."

The Republican members of the Senate Preparedness subcommittee joined with their Democratic colleagues in criticizing delays in the air-power build-up, and the Republican membership in Congress voted overwhelmingly in favor of last year's appropriation to the Air Force of sufficient funds to complete the activation and equipping of 143 wings by mid-1955.

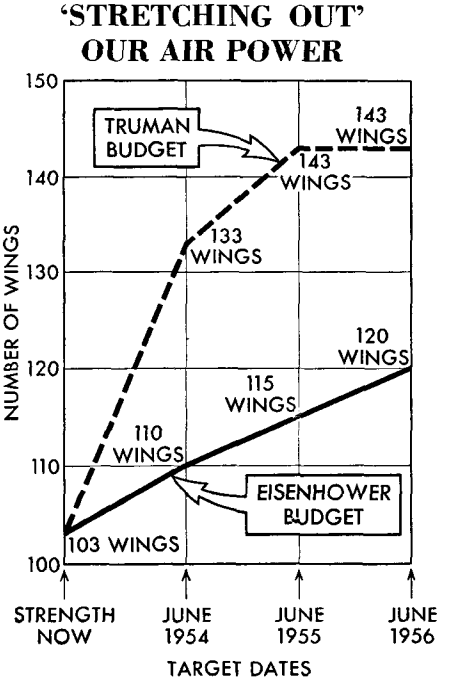
But now the Administration wants an Air Force that has 1,800 fewer planes than it would have had under the plans that it inherited from its predecessor.

Primary Missions

When, in the fall of 1951, the National Security Council adopted the recommendations of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the then Secretary of Defense, Robert A. Lovett, and approved a 143-wing goal for the Air Force, it was generally recognized that such a force was the minimum needed to carry out the primary missions of U.S. air power. These missions are threefold:

¶ Through the Strategic Air Command, to maintain a retaliatory atomic striking force as this nation's principal shield against Soviet aggression.

¶ Through the Air Defense Command, to see to the air defense of the continental United States.



¶ Through the Tactical Air Command, to furnish air support to our own forces and those of our NATO Allies.

In the judgment of the nation's best military men, the fulfillment of these three missions will require not less than 126 combat air wings. The remaining seventeen wings of the 143-wing force are to be equipped with troop-carrier aircraft and air transports to back up and give the necessary mobility to the combat wings.

There was no cushion or safety factor in this 143-wing force. Indeed, the diversion of a considerable part of it, particularly from the Tactical Air Command, to the Korean air war was not even provided for in the 143-wing force composition. Any further weakening, such as Mr. Wilson's budget proposal would bring about by holding the size of the force down to 120 wings or less, will necessarily impair the ability of the Air Force to perform its three vital functions, to say nothing of carrying its continuing responsibilities in the Far East, which at times have absorbed as much as a third of our entire air strength.

LET US be clear about one thing. The 143-wing force is not just a "magic number," any more than Mr. Wilson's 120 wings. The 143-wing objective represents the combined result of many judgments by both military experts and civilian officials.

To sustain a reduction in force from 143 wings to 120 wings or less would present the Air Force with some hard choices. It could not afford to eliminate entirely the noncombat transport wings, since in order to mount an air strike, the Air

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Force must have the means of airlifting to forward bases ammunition, fuel, spare parts, and other supplies. Therefore, some of the twenty-three or more wings to be cut from the force must come out of its combat strength. This would mean whittling down the presently planned striking power of the Air Force by taking one or more of the following steps:

¶Weakening the Strategic Air Command, our principal means of delivering atomic weapons, by allowing SAC fewer heavy or medium bomber wings or reconnaissance units.

¶Lessening the strength of the Air Defense Command, which many believe is already inadequate for its mission of repelling air attacks on the United States.

¶Lowering the ability of the Tactical Air Command not only to fulfill its obligations to our NATO Allies, to whom we have promised air support in the event of a Russian attack on western Europe, but also to deploy additional wings to the Far East in the event of an intensified air war in Korea or an outbreak of aggression elsewhere in the Orient.

The Nation's Life

The men who make this choice will be literally taking the nation's life in their hands. One-third of our air power is already in the Far East; any stepping up of the war there would draw more fighters away from the defense of the continental United States. Until we get quantity production of a good all-weather fighter, we must still use day fighters like Sabre Jets for home defense as well as for maintaining air superiority in combat theaters. Thus Korean and U.S. air defense compete directly with each other for planes. We are not strong enough in Korea, despite our good record in the air war there, to cope with the Chinese and the Russian Communists if they were to decide to send their planes over our territory instead of limiting themselves to purely defensive missions.

But if we moved any more planes to the Far East (or to Europe, where General Ridgway says NATO is shorter on planes than on anything else), we would be tampering with an air-defense system that is at present estimated to be capable of stopping at most only thirty per cent of a potential Soviet atomic striking force.

NEITHER Mr. Wilson nor any other member of the new Administration has yet explained how this country can get along with less air power. Much of what Mr. Wilson said to Congress was precisely to the opposite effect. In the first place, he said that he had found "no evidence" that the "threat and danger to the free world had appreciably lessened." He also found our state of preparedness still "considerably short" of what it should be. Specifically, in the case of air power, he pointed out that of the 103 wings which the Air Force has activated so far, ten have not yet been provided with their planned quotas of combat aircraft.

Nor has it been made clear why the new Administration, having determined the amounts by which it feels it must reduce defense costs during the next fiscal year in order "to maintain a sound economy"—namely, $2.3 billion less in military expenditures and $5.25 billion less in appropriations—chooses to make the bulk of these cuts at the expense of air power.

Mr. Wilson's own statement to Congress would appear to call for just the opposite treatment of the Air Force. He found the Air Force to be substantially short of meeting its target, with ten per cent of its present wings lacking equipment. He found that the Army and Navy had reached their planned force levels, were reasonably well equipped, and in many cases were beginning to accumulate mobilization reserves. Yet the budget allotments proposed by Mr. Wilson would keep the ground and naval forces of the Army and Navy substantially intact while the Air Force would be considerably under strength. Moreover, the Air Force is to be denied original equipment while the other services are being provided with reserve stocks.

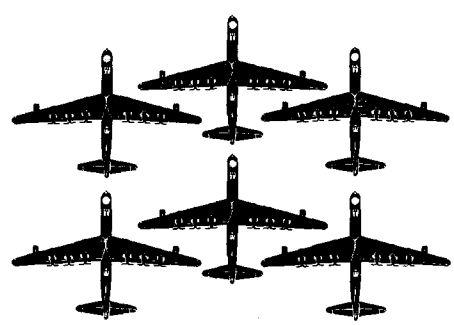
Wilson vs. Gruenther

It is obvious that Mr. Wilson and his new associates in the Defense Department have not had the time to examine very extensively the knotty problem of force levels. Mr. Wilson himself says that the "new look at the entire defense picture" will not take place before this summer and next fall. But meanwhile, without awaiting the outcome of this forthcoming review, by his action on the budget he has made a major decision on force levels.

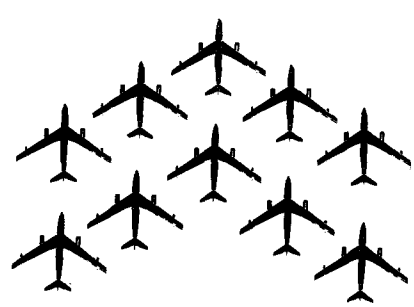
Ironically enough, at the same time Mr. Wilson is lowering the strength of the Air Force, the newly designated NATO Commander, General Alfred M. Gruenther, is giving No. 1 priority to NATO's requirement for additional air power. And so he should, because, as his predecessor,

WHAT IS A WING?

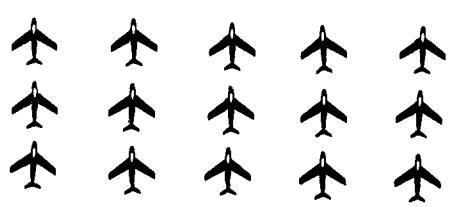
An air wing is a unit usually consisting of three squadrons of aircraft, the crews to fly them, the necessary ground personnel and equipment, and other supporting elements. The number of aircraft in a wing varies according to the size and function of those aircraft. In the chart below, each symbol represents five planes.



Heavy Bomber Wing: 30



Medium Bomber Wing: 45



Fighter Wing: 75

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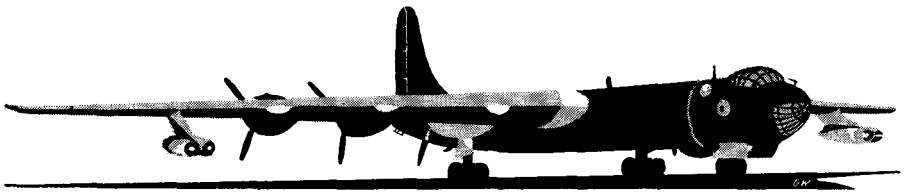

General Ridgway, testified before Congress last month, in western Europe "air power is still the weakest link in our defense." NATO will hardly get what it needs at a time when the build-up of our own Air Force is to be stopped short by at least fifteen per cent of its minimum goal.

In view of previous utterances by Mr. Wilson's deputy, Roger Kyes, about the dangers of pursuing "an inefficient approach to national security," the country was not unprepared for Mr. Wilson's action in reducing the defense budget. Everyone applauds Mr. Wilson's objective of creating "more efficient defense strength for less money," although we may not understand how he can do it. But even on Mr. Wilson's own thesis of more efficiency in defense, the method he proposes to follow in pursuing that objective does not make very much sense as an economic measure.

BY THE TIME Mr. Wilson took office, the bulk of the funds which Congress had appropriated last summer to complete the activation and equipping of the 143-wing Air Force had been committed for that purpose, and aircraft production had reached levels assuring the attainment of that force by the target date of 1955. The $6.6 billion of funds for aircraft procurement included in the defense budget that former Secretary Lovett had approved were for the purpose of completing the modernization of the full force and of keeping it modern.

Mr. Wilson's action, which sliced in half the previously approved amounts requested for procurement and installations, means the stopping of planned construction on airbases, the closing of plants already in production, and the cancellation or cutback of contracts previously placed with industry. These steps, like the 1952 "stretchout" of the Air Force build-up, can only result in cancellation costs and higher unit prices for the reduced quantities of aircraft to be retained in the program.

The Roofless House

Another consequence of Mr. Wilson's new policy is to nullify the expenditure of literally hundreds of millions of dollars already invested in broadening the production base of the aircraft industry. Since the Korean outbreak more than $2 billion has been appropriated to the Air Force for the expansion of the aircraft industry and its supporting elements. Most of this amount has already been committed, and a major part spent. As a result, the pre-Korea capacity of the aircraft industry has been nearly doubled. Twenty major airframe and twenty major engine plants are now being operated for the Air Force, compared with half that number of each type of plant two and a half years ago.

During the same period the Air Force has brought into its program, at considerable expense, more than a thousand additional or "second sources," in many cases small concerns, for critical components and accessories. This was done so that in an emergency many plants already producing some planes or parts could be rapidly expanded to produce a great deal more—a better kind of "mobilization base" than a few big plants working at capacity.

AIR FORCE BUDGET FOR FISCAL 1954
(In millions of dollars)

	Truman	Eisenhower	Change
Aircraft and related procurement	6,664	3,495	−3,169
Maintenance and operation	4,235	3,200	−1,035
Research and development	537	475	−62
Everything else	5,342	4,518	−824
Total	16,778	11,688	−5,090

NOTE: Figures from Office of the Secretary of Defense. All figures refer to obligational authority for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1954.

Many of these newly activated plants and "second sources" are now to be "phased out" of the defense program.

Mr. Wilson's way of economizing is like leaving the roof off a new house His decision to cut in half the Air Force's request for procurement and construction funds in fiscal 1954, coupled with the reduced ceiling he and Budget Director Dodge have put on Air Force expenditures, will make drastic changes necessary in procurement contracts that have already been let. Such a rescheduling of production not only sets back the Air Force; it slows down the aircraft industry, increases current costs, and will dangerously narrow the industry's capacity to produce the larger quantities of aircraft and armament that would be needed for full mobilization.

Delayed Effects

Cutbacks in aircraft-production and base-construction funds are bad enough. But it is worse than shortsighted to reduce the Air Force's research and development funds, as Mr. Wilson has also done. Mr. Wilson has told the press that he believes there has been "boondoggling" in the name of research, a charge that I for one am convinced cannot be accurately leveled against the Air Force. The Air Force's budget request for research and development was reduced by twenty per cent in the screening and review that took place under Mr. Lovett. Now Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dodge want to lop off another twelve per cent, reducing the new appropriation to a figure below the current rate of expenditure for this vital purpose.

No step could involve more risk to our security than to revert to a niggardly approach toward military research and development. If this country is to maintain its present qualitative superiority in weapons over the Soviet, we must put more, not less, effort and ingenuity into developing new weapons systems. We didn't develop atomic weapons, jet fighters, and guided missiles by pinching research pennies.

Mr. Wilson's negative attitude on research and development points up sharply what is to me the most alarming feature of his new defense

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policy—the delayed effect of actions that cannot be undone at a later date. The lead-time factor on aircraft production is still two years, on the average—nineteen or twenty months for most fighters, and from twenty-seven to thirty months for heavy bombers. The development cycle which precedes production may, in these days of such highly complex equipment as supersonic aircraft and guided missiles, take as long as five to seven years. The effect of the price we pay today for economy may not be felt until several years later, when nothing can be done to retrieve the earlier error.

THE APPROACH taken by Mr. Wilson in cutting next year's defense budget, ordering the Air Force to absorb most of the cuts, is an easy way to do a quick job. It is no doubt simpler to arrest the *future* growth of the Air Force than it would be to reduce the size of the *existing* military establishments of the Army and Navy. But there is an alternative approach to economy in defense. That is to eliminate some of the costly duplication and overlapping that characterizes certain of the air activities being carried on today by the different services.

DEFENSE BUDGET FOR FISCAL 1954

(In millions of dollars)

	Truman	Eisenhower	Change
Interdepartmental	1,031	1,030	−1
Army	12,110	13,671	+1,561
Navy	11,368	9,651	−1,717
Air Force	16,778	11,688	−5,090
Total	41,286	36,039	−5,247

The present state of affairs grows out of the natural desire of each service to adapt air power to its own use. The same thing is happening with atomic arms and other weapons of the future, such as guided missiles. The time is certainly at hand for reviewing and overhauling the allocation among the services of missions in air warfare. The beginning point might well be to settle, once and for all, Air Force-Navy arguments over strategic warfare and military air transport. Another area of overlapping activities is the air defense of the United States. In the field of guided missiles an effort should also be made to sort out and allot ultimate responsibilities and to eliminate the potentially expensive overlapping among Army, Navy, and Air Force projects.

Doing away with duplication of air activities in the various services, coupled with a revision of force levels, is bound to produce large savings. The hitch is the timing. The steps that have been suggested would follow, not precede, the review of the size and composition of our Armed Forces and the assignment of missions among them that Mr. Wilson plans to undertake as the basis for the fiscal 1954 budget.

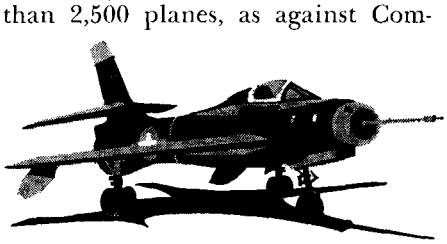
IN REVERSING the logical order of events and cutting air power before taking a "new look at the entire defense picture," Mr. Wilson is taking dangerous chances.

Where the Test Is Met: The Battle Zone

IRVING R. LEVINE

WHAT we once called our "Pacific perimeter" has been pushed westward until today the four-thousand-mile arc from northern Hokkaido through Korea and Formosa to the jungles of Indo-China has become our most important military pressure zone. There U.S. airplanes are directly involved in two shooting wars, Korea and Indo-China, and there is always the possibility of a third—Formosa. While the Pentagon and Congress haggle over how many ounces or pounds of "fat" can or should be "sliced off" the military establishment, the commanders of our Far East Air Force and Navy air arm are confronted with a Communist air potential over three times theirs. Most of it remains in Soviet hands, but the build-up of Chinese units continues. Despite the reassuring daily newspaper box scores of downed MIGs, our Far East air strength can only be classed as barely adequate for its present missions.

The entire U.S. Far East Air Force and Navy air arm now number less than 2,500 planes, as against Communist Far East air strength estimated by the Pentagon at 8,000 planes. Of the latter, more than 2,500 now belong to Communist China. The rest are Russian, based mostly in the Vladivostok region, where they could readily be transferred to China. Of the 2,500 U.S. planes, at least half are fighter craft, a large portion are noncombat transports, and the remainder are obsolescent propeller-driven bombers.



THE SINO-SOVIET force includes some three hundred IL-28 medium jet bombers and more than half of it consists of MIG-15 jet interceptors, The MIG is almost sure death, in

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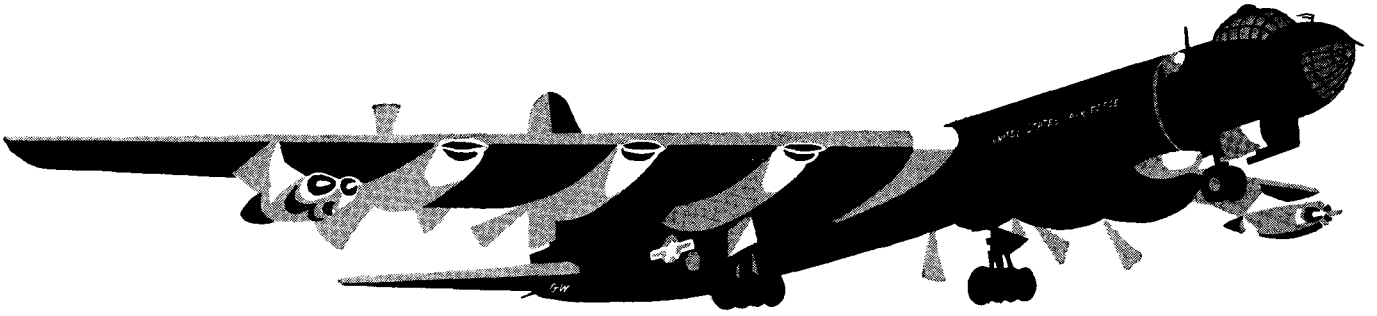

daylight and good weather, against our lumbering pre-jet-age bombers. F-84 jet fighter-bombers, swift but capable of hauling only small bomb loads, fly most U.N. missions over North Korea, And even these, when ranging deep over territory frequented by MIGs, are screened by F-86 Sabre Jets, the only U.S. jets now on active war duty that can tackle the MIG on equal terms. Now, almost three years after the outbreak of war, there are only three wings of Sabre Jets, about 225 in all, in Korea. From the outbreak of the Korean War until April, 1953, we and our allies (who contribute 7.1 per cent of U.N. air strength in Korea) lost some 1,400 planes to enemy aircraft and anti-aircraft. Total North Korean and Chinese combat losses have been estimated at eight hundred planes of all types.

Apparently the Communists can afford the losses incurred in "MIG Alley," dramatic as these may appear in daily Air Force communiqués. These list only enemy planes "destroyed, probably destroyed, and damaged." By contrast, our air losses are not given at the end of each day's operations but only once a week, and then include only those of our planes which are known to have gone down in enemy territory. Korean losses account for less than ten per cent of current Soviet MIG production, estimated by the Pentagon at roughly five hundred per month.

In its vast area of responsibility, our Far East air power is already stretched thin. Token defensive units are stationed on the Philippines and Okinawa (also a B-29 base). A small number of F.E.A.F. transport planes temporarily are helping the French to carry troops and supplies to Indo-Chinese battlefronts. U.S. jet interceptors based on the Japanese islands are engaged in a peculiar type of miniature air war with Soviet fighters based on strips in Soviet Sakhalin, which intermittently trespass Japanese soil on reconnaissance or harassment sorties.

Another possible commitment for Far East air power that Pentagon air experts anticipate with trepidation is Formosa. At present it is the mission of the U.S. Seventh Fleet to defend that island. Given sufficient warning, the Navy is unequivocally sure that it could divert enough ships from Korea and Japan in time to prevent Red landings. However, the Navy is less confident of its ability to deal with sustained Communist *air* attack.

FAMILIAR REFRAIN

"We are going to get along on this lesser amount because we know our economic system cannot afford to pay much more. . . . Moreover, we will get a lot more for our money, it will be a matter of less money and more defense.

"What will preparedness or even victory in battle avail us, we must ask ourselves, if our free democratic system is crushed in the process? — *Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson seven months before the North Koreans attacked across the 38th parallel.*

Two or three of our Navy's fourteen large *Roosevelt* and *Essex* class carriers now operate at all times in Korean waters. Each can base a maximum of 120 planes, only some of them jets. Not all of these planes could be dispatched to intercept Communist bombing formations attacking Formosa, since some would be required to defend their mother ship.

Thus, even though the Seventh Fleet is the only U.S. element presently committed to the defense of Formosa, the job—if Formosa is to be defended from all-out air attack—would quickly fall in the lap of U.S. Air Force planes based on Formosa's limited and vulnerable airfields.

If the well-dispersed Chinese Communist Air Force should unleash an air campaign against Formosa, many Air Force men believe that the best that could be hoped for would be a costly aerial stalemate, and the worst the ruin of Taipeh, Tainan, and Kaohsiung and the neutralization of the island as a naval, air, and ground force base. Just to maintain such an air stalemate, without either side losing enough aircraft to abandon the struggle, would require more U.S. interceptors than are now engaged in Korea.

The Nationalists, with only three hundred obsolete planes, could contribute little now to their own air defense. Not until this summer will they start receiving U.S. jets in some quantity.

To provide a *defensive* counterweight to enemy capabilities in the Far East, without taking into account such schemes as General MacArthur's proposed "all-out bombing" of China, Air Force officials believe that the 103-wing Air Force now in existence should be boosted at once by ten to twenty wings. But even prompt increased appropriations for procurement could not immediately create a balance of air power in the Far East.

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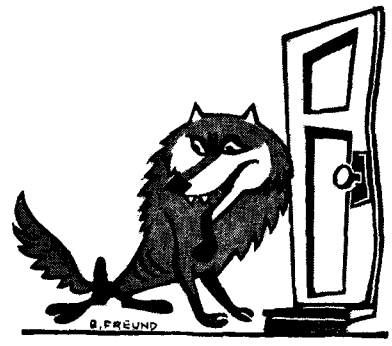
Can We Afford To Keep Strong?



EDWIN L. DALE, JR.

WASHINGTON under the Republicans has been buzzing with an economic cliché:

"We must see—clearly and steadily—just exactly what is the danger before us. It is more than merely a military threat. It has been coldly calculated by the Soviet leaders—by their military threat, they have hoped to force upon America and the free world an unbearable security burden leading to economic disaster. . . . Communist guns, in this sense, have been aiming at an economic target no less than a military target."—*President Eisenhower in his radio speech to the nation May 19.*

"Confronted with a crisis, we hastened to protect it [the American way of life] from outside aggression without regard to cost in a feverish rush to preparedness. But we must not forget that our way of life is threatened, not from one, but from two sources at the same time. It can be lost just as completely by economic deterioration from within as by aggression from without."—*Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey in his speech to the Associated Press.*

"This administration is striving for security without bankruptcy."—*Representative Dewey Short (R., Missouri), Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, after a White House conference.*

"We believe that national security and national solvency are mutually dependent. The arms program should be re-examined in the light of economic capabilities." — *Defense Secretary Wilson speaking to the Women's National Press Club.*

THE CENTRAL theme is that the country will ruin itself economically if it takes on too great an arms program. The unfortunate thing about this basic assumption of Eisenhower Administration policymaking is that it means much less than it seems to mean and that it can be quite misleading. Yet it is sincerely believed not only by the highest officials of the new Administration but also, apparently, by some of the people who disagree with the Administration about the level of security spending. For example:

"Perhaps the projected program of 143 air wings is beyond the ability of the economy to sustain. . . ."—*The Washington* Post.

"If worst comes to worst, who would not rather be a bankrupt American than an atom-bombed American or a defeated American?"—*The Alsop brothers, after a long demonstration that our strength is inadequate.*

So even those who argue most persuasively that defense is being cut back too much often fail to question the "economic" reasons for the cutback. They too have become captives of the prevailing assumption.

Disposable Income

Before we are swept away by the cliché, let's take a closer look at just what the responsible men in the government think they mean when they warn of insolvency, bankruptcy, and disaster. Within the limits that are being discussed—no more than $10 billion one way or the other—how sound is their analysis?

There are two general ways in which an arms program can damage the basic health of a national economy. The first, the "division-of-resources" approach, involves a lowering of living standards because there simply isn't enough real wealth left over, after the arms are built, to supply civilian wants.

The lowering of living standards would show up partly as shortages of civilian goods—chiefly metal goods. There is no prospect whatever now of such a result from any conceivable arms program that might be adopted in peacetime in this country, except for shortages of a few items like nickel that are short already.

A lowering of living standards could also show up in terms of buying power: People would be taxed so heavily or their earnings would be so eaten away by inflation that their real living standards would decline. In effect they would, as a people, be devoting too large a percentage of their labor to arms to achieve normal gains in real consumption.

To a degree this situation has already come about in this country, but the figures tell a story that is rather comforting on the whole. The best available measure of how well off people are is a figure tucked far in the back of the semi-annual reports of the President's Council of Economic Advisors called "real per capita disposable income."

This figure is derived by taking all the income of individuals, deducting individual taxes, adjusting for changes in prices, and dividing by the population. This is what it shows over the past seven years:

Year	Real per Capita Disposable Income
1946	$1,445
1947	1,375
1948	1,423
1949	1,407
1950	1,484
1951	1,486
1952	1,496

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In other words, while the mobilization effort has slowed down the rise in our standard of living, it has not cut the standard back. We could presumably stand an even larger mobilization effort without really suffering because we start from such a fabulously high standard.

'Eating Away the Dollar'

It is highly probable, in any case, that the Administration promoters of the cliché don't have this approach in mind when they talk about "bankruptcy," though this approach might be appropriate in some European countries. Presumably they are thinking about another approach that could be called the "eating-away-the-dollar-by-inflation" or, conversely, the "taxing-away-the-sources-of-our-growth" approach. It centers squarely in the Federal budget itself, and those who take this second approach want to cut the budget—in fact, feel they have to cut the budget to save us.

On the "eating-away-the-dollar-by-inflation" side, they have something. But because of little-known developments here and in much of the free world over the past two or three years, they have surprisingly little.

Budget deficits, it is held, cause inflation. Well, sometimes they do and sometimes they don't, as the more economically knowledgeable members of the Administration itself—like the Treasury Department's Randolph Burgess—will admit.

There is, to begin with, the basic matter of *how* the borrowing is done. This is Mr. Burgess speaking in early May to a convention of savings bankers: "When the Treasury sells short-term securities to banks, the money supply is increased by the amount of the borrowing. There is more money—but there is no increase in the things people can buy for their own use. Borrowing outside of the banks, on the other hand, reaches genuine savings. Money which might have gone into other investment outlets goes instead into governments. The Treasury competes for available loan funds rather than creating new money. This avoids inflation—it keeps the price of food, clothing and shelter from going up."

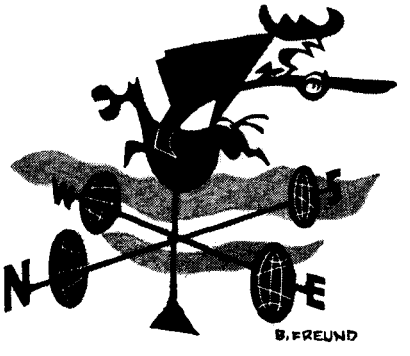
What Mr. Burgess is saying is that a deficit may or may not cause inflation depending on how the Treasury borrows the money to cover the deficit. Of course a huge deficit leads inevitably to inflation, as in the Second World War when deficits of the order of $50 billion were piled on an economy that was producing only $150 billion worth of goods and services—though the rise in prices was largely held in check until after the war by price controls. A great part of the wartime deficits had to be financed by bank credit, and the supply of money doubled while the supply of goods to be bought was at best stable.

But in the present situation, the question is whether deficits of not more than $10 billion, in an economy producing more than $350 billion worth of goods and services, will cause inflation even if they run for several years. Mr. Burgess's testimony would seem to indicate "Not necessarily." And aside from his point, there is another good reason for believing that the present fears of inflation are exaggerated.

MONETARY POLICY—restraint on expansion of the money supply by the Federal Reserve System—has been quietly reactivated and has shown surprisingly good results.

Last summer and fall the Treasury was in the red by $9 billion, while the economy was booming. There was no choice but to make banks eligible to buy some of the new securities that had to be floated. No inflation followed.

The reason is rather complex, but roughly it is that the Federal Reserve, through its policy of credit restraint with higher interest rates, in effect put the squeeze on the banks: To the extent that the banks bought the new government issues, they were that much "tighter" in lending money to their customers (a process that also "creates" money). As a corollary of the high-interest-rate policy, which carried through to the interest rate on government securities, the Federal Reserve created a surprisingly large nonbank demand for the government debt. Bank holdings of government securities increased much less than expected last year, and now they are actually lower than they were a year ago. In effect the banks had a sort of choice: They could buy government securities or serve their customers with loans, but they couldn't do an excessive amount of both.



In fact, they did some of both, and the money supply did expand. But it expanded only about enough to keep pace with the growth of the economy, and thus had little or no inflationary effect.

Now it is quite true that this summer and fall, when the Treasury deficit will be a little more than $10 billion (some of which will be paid off next spring when most of the fiscal year's taxes come in), the Federal Reserve is going to have to loosen its restraints somewhat in order that the banks may take up some of this debt. There will, perhaps, be a small inflationary push from the money-supply side. But it will not be anything like as great as it would have been before the Federal Reserve, in March, 1951, resumed its role as regulator of the country's money supply.

INCIDENTALLY, this experience of deficit-without-inflation is not peculiar to the United States. Last year in Britain Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler budgeted for a small surplus but in fact ran into a deficit of more than $1.2 billion. Yet the effect, on balance, of the financial forces in Britain was disinflationary, largely because of a similar reactivation there of what economists call the "money weapon."

Long before the Treasury-Federal Reserve "accord" of March, 1951, which led to the revival of the money weapon here, men like Mr. Burgess and Marion B. Folsom, now Under Secretary of the Treasury, were advocating just such a development as an important measure for combat-

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ing the inflation caused by the Korean War. It was good Republican doctrine, and it was good economic doctrine, too.

For the Eisenhower Administration, this is the ironic case of a hard-money policy, for which it has been criticized, doing a job the Administraton is unwilling to give the policy credit for. In effect, the Administration won't admit how well its economic theories are working.

THIS STRESS on the Federal budget also overlooks one other obvious fact, which emerges clearly from our own economic history: that the budget is far from the only determinant of inflation and deflation. There were deficits during the depression, and still there was deflation. There was a balanced budget during the eight months after Korea, and prices rose eight per cent at retail, sixteen per cent at wholesale.

This point is especially pertinent now, when the threat from all the nonbudget sources seems to be deflation of some degree or other. The country as a whole, and the Administration too, may soon *want* deficits, as one of the few ways the central government can try to take the sting out of a recession that arises mainly from nonbudgetary sources.

Though the Republicans have not described the type of action that they would take to deal with a recession, budget deficits seem to be implied. During the campaign President Eisenhower, in a major speech, promised to throw the "full resources of the Federal government" into action if a downturn should develop, and in his speech to the Associated Press in New York, Secretary Humphrey hinted that "studies are now under way" in various government Departments for projects which the government could undertake to battle unemployment. If a recession gets under way, the Federal Reserve would also reverse its policy and try to make money easier to get.

Taxes and Investment

That still leaves the other side of the coin—"taxing away the sources of our growth"—as a reason for cutting back on the security program to save the economy. Here again, the cliché promoters definitely have

something, but it is questionable how much.

High taxes are no doubt bad in all sorts of ways, but it has yet to be demonstrated that the present level of taxes in this country is actually operating to sap the sources of capital from which the growth of the economy derives. Taxes certainly have kept capital investment below what it otherwise would have been. But even George Humphrey would have to admit that the amount of investment has been fabulous anyway.

This year there will be a new all-time record outlay by business for plant and equipment. Closer to home, last year individuals bought more newly offered stocks and bonds, by value, than in any year since 1929. And if they hadn't, it wouldn't have mattered a great deal, apparently, because the overwhelming bulk of capital funds now is coming either from resources retained internally by corporations or from institutional holders of the nation's savings such as insurance companies and pension funds.

In the face of current taxes Americans are salting away an amount of "liquid" savings—quite apart from that special form of "savings" involved in buying a house or an automobile on the installment plan—almost unequaled except in the war years. Capital is simply *not* drying up in this country, no matter how much it may be drying up abroad.

To Butler drawing up a British budget, the question of the impact of a security program, through taxes, on the available capital in the British economy is a terrifyingly real one. This is true because Butler faces, among other things, an economy in which forty per cent of the national income is taken in taxes, compared to about twenty-five per cent in the United States (counting all Federal, state, and local taxes). If anyone were to tell him, however, that the Americans couldn't "afford" a greater defense effort because it might dry up their capital, he would be forced to guffaw.

Most businessmen believe that the present level of taxes is an evil in itself, in the economic sense, above and beyond its uncomfortable impact on them personally. But there is no way of getting around the simple fact that capital formation in this country is now proceeding at a pace equal to or better than at any other period of our history. The capital comes from somewhat different places than it came in the 1880's or the 1920's, but it's coming, in a tremendous flood.

In short, the purveyors of the new dogma are on shaky ground on either count. If they don't tax, and run deficits, it isn't at all certain that the deficits will lead to more inflation; if they do tax, it isn't at all certain that the economy will wither away for lack of new sustenance in the form of capital.

IT IS considered good form to say at this point that naturally one doesn't *favor* budget deficits and high taxes. Clearly it is a mistake, in purely economic terms, to have deficits at a time of full employment with its assumption of incipient inflation, and high taxes are seldom an economic joy in themselves. But these remarks should be prefaced by the omnipotent proviso "All other things being equal."

Whether the military threat we are faced with makes other things distinctly *not* equal, the economist usually declines to judge. But it will be tragic if the country fails to do what it has to because, having mistaken glib cliché for solid fact, it is afraid of going "bankrupt."

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The Fuel That Feeds The Mau Mau Fires

ODEN and OLIVIA MEEKER

NAIROBI

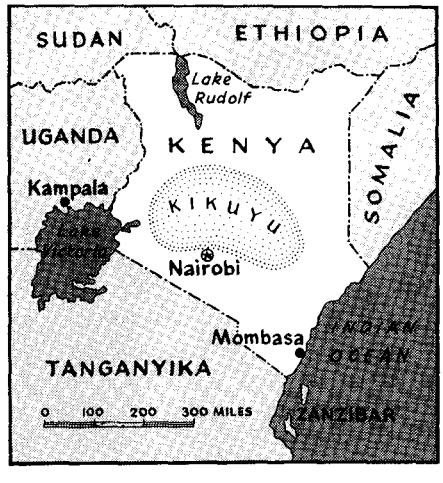
THE 146-page British Colonial Office Report on Kenya for 1951 gave the secret Mau Mau terrorist group three short paragraphs, saying that the society continued during the year to work underground, but that "no serious manifestations of its activities came to light." Until late last summer, Kenya police authorities, the Mayor of Nairobi, and the then Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, were so busy deprecating sensational stories about the Mau Mau that they almost persuaded the rest of the world that the whole subject had been invented by overimaginative Sunday-supplement writers.

Then, in late summer and fall, the Mau Mau went to work in earnest: Two out of the three senior chiefs of the Kikuyu tribe were assassinated for co-operating with the Europeans, and large numbers of those Kikuyu who were brave enough to help the authorities against the Mau Mau were murdered or simply never seen again. European farms were fired, and livestock by the hundred cruelly crippled. "The Europeans," said a new Kikuyu publication called *Truth in Africa*, "will be gone in eighteen months."

The authorities moved at last. A state of emergency was declared; suspected Mau Mau leaders were packed off to the desolate Northern Frontier District; Lancashire Fusiliers were flown in from the Middle East; home guards and new police were hastily recruited; and several Kikuyu newspapers considered subversive were shut down, as were thirty-four independent African schools which were filling their pupils with anti-European propaganda and in some cases swearing them into the Mau Mau itself. A cruiser was rushed from Ceylon to Mombasa for a traditional British show of strength (one of the sailors was stabbed while ashore). B.O.A.C.'s jet Comets were kept busy whooshing the British Colonial Secretary to Kenya and the Kenya Governor to London, and hosts of officials such as Sir Percy Sillitoe, a section head of British Military Intelligence, were rushed to the scene of the trouble.

After frenzied police work, Jomo Kenyatta and five of his fellow tribesmen were arrested, tried, and sentenced, in early 1953, to seven years at hard labor for masterminding the Mau Mau terror.

Map by Starworth



Land of the Mau Mau

Even though the political leaders have been caught and imprisoned, the leaders in the field certainly haven't. Just as the Kenyatta trial was coming to a close, the Mau Mau in one night doubled their total number of victims. Nobody really knows, but so far the Mau Mau murders must be between three and four hundred, almost all Africans and almost all from the Kikuyu tribe from which the society sprang.

More Land, Less Beer

The secret society called Mau Mau is a violent expression of the Kikuyu people's bitterness over the injustices, both real and imaginary, that the tribe has suffered at the hands of the whites. The Mau Mau is almost entirely confined to this one tribe, which numbers over a million (about a fifth of the total population of Kenya) and is by far the largest and most politically sophisticated group in the country. Estimates of the Mau Mau's active and passive supporters now range from a hundred thousand up to half of the Kikuyu.

Kenya's total African population of five and a half million live on about fifty thousand square miles of land. The whites number some thirty thousand and occupy twelve thousand square miles. Thus the average white has forty-four times as much land as the average African. Most of Kenya is dry or tsetse-ridden, and nearly five people out of six live in the cool, fertile highlands of the southwest, divided like a jigsaw puzzle among land reserved for

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European ownership (the "White Highlands"), the much larger African reserves, and a sprinkling of forest reserves which belong to everybody. The rest of the country, some 160,000 square miles, is largely uninhabited, and under present conditions is more or less uninhabitable.

The Kikuyu are, above all, farmers who love the land; even those who work in cities look to their garden plots in the reserve as the only security they know against unemployment and old age. With the increasing pressure of population in the reserves, nearly half the tribe is now landless. The Mau Mau has parlayed the widespread hunger for land, resentment at race discrimination, the frustration of life in the growing slums, and old-fashioned nationalism into a powerful force. Its loose-knit organization maintains its power through violence and the black magic embodied in the terrible Kikuyu ritual oaths. It is anti-European and anti-Christian.

THE KIKUYU have long had the reputation of being capable, adaptable, loquacious, aggressive, and passionately political. As early as 1929 they maintained a lobbyist in London to press their case; he was the aforementioned Jomo Kenyatta. The Mau Mau might be called the terrorist wing of the Kikuyu political movement, of which the Kenya African Union was the orderly expression. Jomo, the officially recognized head of the K.A.U., was, according to the court, at the same time secretly managing the Mau Mau, whose program was simply to throw out the whites and terrify loyal Kikuyu into submission.

Most other fanatical African secret societies have been perverted anti-white versions of Christianity; the Mau Mau is openly political and strongly anti-Christian. The Akamba, another agricultural tribe living in a rapidly eroding reserve next to the beautiful farms of the White Highlands, also believe that they were done out of rich land by the settlers, and have resisted terracing, destocking, and other agricultural improvements to the point where some of them marched to Nairobi in 1938 and squatted on the race track until the Governor came to see them and agreed to rescind the order to destock their overgrazed land. But the Akamba and the other tribes have not yet shown the organizing ability of the Kikuyu or the contentiousness and ability to harbor a grudge until it becomes a holy cause. And they haven't yet produced leaders with the political capacity of Jomo Kenyatta and his lieutenants.

Beyond chasing the British out, the Mau Mau aims are a little vague, but in general they are to return to the good old days before the white man came. Boycotts of beer and hats on the ground that they are un-African have already put quite a dent in the sales of these two items. Some of the extreme adherents of Mau Mau-like nationalist sects in East Africa have advocated and practiced the wearing of skins rather than cloth of European manufacture.

Obviously the Kikuyu, or at least the Mau Mau portion of the tribe, have a rather distorted view of western civilization, and the average European's idea of life among the Kikuyu is just about as ill-informed. The whole struggle, in the end, rests on this breakdown of communications between the two groups. The authors talked to the new Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, an able and sensitive man; to Colonel Michael S. O'Rorke, Kenya's tough police commissioner, who led British police forces in Germany and in Palestine; to labor officers, African Affairs officers, settlers, Home Guardsmen, Indian businessmen and editors, and African members of the Government; and to Jomo Kenyatta.

With the exceptions of Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, the scholarly Curator of the Nairobi Corydon Museum, who was brought up among the Kikuyu, and of Jomo, whose interpretation of any set of facts varies with his audience, few people in the country or out of it seemed to know anything at all about the Kikuyu way of life. One encouraging note was that people in authority seemed to recognize their ignorance and were prepared to do something about it.

Equations and Relations

There are three basic legal equations among the Kikuyu, according to Dr. Leakey:

I and my grandfather are one.

I and my brother and sister are one.

I and my wife are one.

It is easy to understand how a white might be confused by a Kikuyu's claim that he had bought a piece of land some hundred and

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fifty years ago. And the great differences between the Kikuyu and the European settlers always come back to land. As Dr. Leakey has written, the vast majority of the early settlers, who began to arrive in Kenya about 1902, "were not in the least 'exploiters,' but . . . came to live among and help in the uplifting of the Africans, whom they thought of as 'poor ignorant savages.'"

The first settlers mistakenly believed, as most of the settlers believe today, that the land they found in the highlands was unoccupied except for a few wandering shepherds. By a disastrous coincidence, this Kikuyu country, of which one nineteenth-century explorer had said: "As far as the eye could see it was one vast garden," had been visited by several major calamities within a few years—terrible outbreaks of smallpox and rinderpest, intense drought followed by famine, and finally a plague of locusts. From twenty to fifty per cent of the Kikuyu population died, and the survivors pulled back from the devastated areas, going to live in less heavily hit parts of Kikuyuland and leaving behind them only the few caretakers whom the early settlers found when they arrived.

These first settlers were also under the impression (still current) that all Africans, including the Kikuyu, never own land individually but always as a group—a generalization to which the Kikuyu happen to be a notable exception. What the first settlers didn't see was the individual absentee landlords of all this rich land which seemed so empty. The newcomers wanted land for themselves and their families. They bought it from the Kikuyu and other Africans, under the strict supervision of the government, which was determined to prevent the land grabbing that had gone on in other parts of Africa. Generally speaking, fair prices were paid for the land. But according to Dr. Leakey, the Kikuyu honestly thought that they had *rented*, not sold, the land to the British because certain vital religious ceremonies for the transfer of land had not been observed.

At the same time, the settlers honestly believed that the Kikuyu were selling their land, and they had legal documents to prove it. In other words, it never occurred to the Kikuyu that the Europeans wouldn't behave like Kikuyu, or to the Europeans that the Kikuyu wouldn't behave like Europeans.

Voice of the Landless

With the tremendous increase of the Kikuyu and their livestock over the past twenty to thirty years, and with the traditional African migration to new lands now greatly hampered by political frontiers, the Kikuyu reserves are by now bursting at the seams. At the same time there has been a disintegration of the old tribal society without much else put in its place. In 1922, a group of "young men fired with immense patriotism and armed with a little learning" formed the Kikuyu Central Association, with the slogan: "We must be given back the lands which the white man has stolen from us."

The General Secretary of this association was Jomo Kenyatta. His career is an impressive example of how a clever man can manipulate misunderstanding (in this case, the Kikuyu-European cold war) to his own advantage. In rough outline it parallels the careers of the other great African nationalist leaders: missionary schooling, odd jobs, political awakening, work and study overseas, and finally the return home to lead his own people. He studied social anthropology at London University under Professor Bronislaw Malinowski, who considered him a brilliant pupil, and he made several trips to Europe, including the Soviet Union. He traveled in left-wing circles, but there is nothing to show that he ever actually joined the Communist Party. He was a lobbyist for Kikuyu land interests in London, and presided over a postwar meeting of the Pan-African Federation there at the same time that Kwame Nkrumah, now Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, was its General Secretary.

About this time, the paths of Jomo and the other nationalist leaders, such as those from the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and South Africa began to diverge. While they can be rabble rousers on occasion, most of these others whom the authors met appeared to be sincere and dedicated men, for the most part willing to work through constitutional channels. Jomo—who had been so little anti-white that he married an English girl named Edna Grace Clarke and by her had a son, Peter, of whom he was extremely proud—finally became obsessed with the injustices done the Kikuyu to the exclusion of everything else. He changed his name, which had been Johnstone, to Jomo ("Burning Spear"), had himself photographed wearing a skin and holding a spear, and began to campaign against such

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European iniquities as hats, beer, cattle dips, rinderpest inoculations and anti-erosion terracing.

THE MOST sensational misunderstanding, that over the Kikuyu custom of cliterodectomy, or "female circumcision," resulted in Kikuyu schismatic churches breaking away from the Church of Scotland Mission. These new churches in turn were responsible for the establishment of Jomo's independent African schools, and these last eventually became vehicles for the Mau Mau.

What happened was that in translating the Bible into Kikuyu, missionaries chose a word for "circumcision" which in Kikuyu applies to an operation performed on both male and female, and for "virgin" a word describing a female who has been through such an initiation ceremony and who has had limited sexual experience. When the missionaries launched an all-out attack on cliterodectomy while defending male circumcision, they seemed wildly inconsistent to their parishioners. Also, the mission was trying to remove a requisite for a girl's initiation into full membership in the tribe without trying to find some substitute, without explaining that it wasn't necessarily attacking the whole traditional preparation for adult life. So the Kikuyu churches broke away.

Words and Works

Now that the Kikuyu-settler struggle has become spectacular enough to attract the attention of the outside world, the reactions overseas to the rebellion and to the way in which it has been handled have been sharp. There seems to be general agreement on a number of points, notably that while the government shouldn't let itself be intimidated by the terrorists, every possible effort must be made, and made quickly, to settle the land question and other grievances, and that there must be an acceleration in African participation in the multiracial society which is professedly the colony's goal.

Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, has been taken to task by the press both in Britain and Kenya for his breezy insistence that the Mau Mau is not the child of economic and social conditions. (He has failed to make clear just whose child he thinks it is, except for some vague reference to "thugs.") The courageous but obtuse Lyttelton is strong on restoring law and order but sometimes seems unable to understand the reality of a political intangible like nationalism.

Both the Labour and Liberal Parties have presented motions in Parliament reflecting growing concern over the use of collective punishment. Some of the sanest comment has come from the *Observer* of London, which has said: "The Kenya fire draws its fuel from three sources: land hunger, the growth of a slum-living and often workless African proletariat, and the 'colour bar.' . . . We dissent strongly from the announcement that nothing can be done to allay African grievances until law and order are restored. This is like trying to put out a fire while leaving its fuel supply untouched." Kenya is very much on Britain's conscience these days. And many Britishers are beginning to have the uneasy feeling that it is their East African system as much as Jomo Kenyatta or the other alleged leaders of the Mau Mau that is really on trial.

The British have been taking strong measures in Kenya, but there is every indication that the people who are running the show aren't relying on force alone. Even if they tried to, the British public wouldn't let them. The *Observer* has noted that one of the most hopeful things about present-day Kenya is the number of young, liberal-minded men among the Europeans. One still finds the old-fashioned shoot-'em-down type here and there, but it's fair to say that the settler's bark is worse than his bite. Michael Blundell, the leader of the settlers in the Government and by far the strongest European on the political scene, represents the new generation in Kenya: men who are still paternalistic and often impatient, but who are comparatively well aware that it is their job to build a multiracial society with increasing Asian and African participation in the business of government. They strongly resent direction from the Colonial Office, as do white settlers all over the tropical world, but they are more moderate than the generation that preceded them.

APART from the emergency police action, what are the British prepared to do? A number of social and political reforms have already been announced, and the Royal Commis-

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sion that is reporting on Kenya's problems this year is under great pressure to move with speed and thoroughness. Britain has promised to spend two million pounds this year on African health and education in general, and the Nairobi City Council has just announced a local two-million-pound African housing project, in an effort to mitigate some of the slum conditions which are producing Dead End Kids for the Mau Mau.

There will almost certainly be greater African representation in local government (there are now forty-two Europeans, six Africans, six Indians, and two Arabs on the Kenya Legislative Council), and there will surely be a tremendous effort to make a final settlement of the land-distribution question. The Government, lest it appear to be bullied into good works by gangsters, denies that the Mau Mau uprising has anything to do with these projects, all of which it insists were in the works long before the terrorists were ever heard from.

There is great need for more equality of opportunity in the civil service, but in almost all fields Africans and Indians are moving up rapidly, and there are an ever-increasing number of African students in India and the United Kingdom, though still nowhere near the proportion that comes from West Africa. With one exception, every business and government department we visited was planning to train and upgrade African employees this year. The first Kikuyu research chemist is at work, and an interracial technical school will begin functioning this year.

THE BRITISH have a few more cards to play, some of which have been in the deck for quite a time. The Royal Commission, which includes an African chief from Tanganyika, can be expected to recommend that more land be made available to African farmers, possibly in Tanganyika, possibly also in those considerable areas of Kenya which will need costly irrigation before they can be farmed. African agricultural co-operatives, African trade unions, and improved agricultural techniques in the reserves, all of which have made good progress in the past few years, will be further encouraged. In addition to the secondary industries which now manufacture everything from jam to sectional buildings, a large cement plant will be built in the Highlands, and an oil refinery is being planned on the coast.

MOST important of all, there will surely be brave attempts to lower the color bars. As this is written, there is a great struggle to get the major hotels of Nairobi to admit Africans. If this should be achieved, as seems likely, it might very well mean more to Kenya than any number of cement plants or oil refineries.

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The Greatest Show In India

JEAN LYON

NEW DELHI

AT THE END of its first year's run, India's first popularly elected Parliament is still playing to packed galleries.

Looking down on a meeting of its lower and more important chamber, the House of the People, from the press galleries is like having a balcony seat for history. We can see when Prime Minister Nehru cracks his knuckles in agitation, when two ladies in white cotton saris tuck their feet up under them on the stiff-backed benches, and when the gentlemen toss off their loose slippers and sit barefoot. We can watch the Opposition leaders passing notes to backbenchers, and watch the Prime Minister yank at the coattails of one of his Ministers to make him stop speaking.

Below us is India. There are Rajput and Sikh turbans and Muslim black caps. There are men from southern India in sarong-like skirts and men from northern India in dhotis hiked up between their legs like giant diapers. There are dapperly dressed men in western business suits, and there are sporty types in English blazers with old-school insignia on the pockets. There are women in white homespun cotton and others in rich silks. A saffron-robed swami leans back with his eyes on the pigeons that are flying around the dome above. A maharaja in a gay printed silk sports shirt leans forward with his elbows on his desk. A Hindu sage, with a long white beard and his long white hair curled at the ends like a Hollywood star's, shuffles through a file of papers. And sometimes, when she isn't attending sessions of the United Nations, Madame Pandit is there, looking sophisticated and even regal in her sleeveless choli.

THE INDIAN Parliament has everything from slapstick comedy to moments of high solemnity. The Prime Minister rose to speak recently just after there had been a good deal of noise and ruckus from both the Communists and the Hindu communalists on the Opposition benches. When Nehru mentioned Gandhi, there was complete silence for a full minute throughout the House while the Prime Minister himself struggled to regain control of his voice. Even the Communists, whose faces often show scorn or cynical amusement when the Prime Minister speaks, stared earnestly at Nehru.

By way of contrast, there was a noisy battle not long ago in the House of the People over the arrest of two Members in Delhi for leading a procession of political agitators. The arrested M.P.s were leaders of the communal factions--the religious groups who on almost all counts fight to put India into reverse. But civil liberties were at stake, and so that day the religious communalists were joined by all the other Opposition groups—from the Communists through the nonviolence Gandhians and Socialists to the independents, whose numbers include several maharajas and tribal leaders, a "cotton king," and a maharani just out of purdah.

The Speaker ruled the whole question out of order, since it was a municipal matter, but the Opposition wouldn't be silenced. The louder the Speaker banged his gavel, the louder the Opposition shouted. A Hindu Mahasabhaite began waving his fists and delivering a speech at the top of his lungs. Members of Nehru's dominant Congress Party banged their desks and tried to drown him out with their own shouts.

The Speaker soon motioned to the khaki-turbaned marshal. In the end the Mahasabhaite and the Communists, the two political extremes in Parliament, walked out in protest against the Speaker's ruling. It was a good show, and even the Congressmen would have enjoyed it if the Speaker had not then delivered a twenty-minute lecture on parliamentary behavior in the angry tones of a severe schoolmaster.

For steady comic relief, however, there is always the Honorable Member from Assam, who sits wrapped in a great white shawl with his long wisps of black hair standing up at all angles like a crop of unruly horns. The boys in the press gallery have been talking of taking up a collection to buy him a comb. His fa-

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vorite subject is women. He brightens whenever the subject of women's rights or protective legislation for women comes up. Then he sings out his own demand—legislation for men, to protect their rights against women.

THERE IS also pathos. Muchaki Kosa, Member from Bastar in central India, put his head down on his desk in the House on the final day of the last session and sobbed aloud. Kosa was elected by the people of a tribe of which he is the chieftain. But he knew no English or Hindi, and he could neither read nor write; and so the maharaja of the area had offered to lend him a secretary who would guide him through the parliamentary intricacies.

It had been an unhappy alliance. The secretary, according to Kosa's tearful accounts, had appropriated his traveling allowance, forcing the duly elected Member of Parliament to ride third class, as if he were a servant. Then the secretary had taken over the house allotted to Kosa in Delhi and had condescendingly allowed the M.P. to sleep on the floor of the veranda. Finally the secretary had appropriated the M.P.'s forty-rupee ($8.40) per diem. The unhappy tribesman had attended Parliament conscientiously, even though he had understood nothing of the proceedings.

So far Kosa has not left the protective care of his fourteen wives to attend the current session. But there are others in the new Parliament who are almost as lost as Kosa was,

a handful of M.P.s who understand little of English and little of Hindi, the two official parliamentary languages. There they sit—mute representatives of a newly enfranchised people.

All this does not mean that India's new Parliament is not a serious legislative body with huge problems and stirring decisions to face. Yet there are a good many reasons why this body, chosen by the peasants and the landlords, the sweepers and the bankers, the artisans and the merchants of India, has become a sort of staged display of the nation's wit and anger, of its emotions and conflicts.

The British Mold

Here is India's diversity, together with the struggle to make a nation out of that diversity. Here are India's British heritage and the rebellion against it. Here is the political turmoil which puts Communists and right-wing Hindu communalists on the same side of the battle one day and at each other's throats the next, and which gives the Congress Party a strangle hold on the political life of the country.

This Parliament dramatizes, perhaps better than anything else could, the vast diversity which is both India's great charm and one of its major problems. The very clothes of the Members show their regional differences. Their caps and turbans show their religious differences. Even their difference in philosophical outlook can be measured after a fashion by a comparison of the lengths and the unruliness of beards and hair.

For the five-hour daily sessions of Parliament, this diversity that is India is stuffed into a mold as typically British—and as typically un-Indian—as boiled mutton.

The benches on which the M.P.s sit were built for straight-backed British colonial officers. Indian robes and postures have a way of making the new occupants look stiff and uncomfortable. The parliamentary procedures, rigidly British, seem at times a painful fetter on the volatile temperaments of India's M.P.s. The language and even the literary allusions are part of the British mold. Of the two official languages, English is used more frequently, because it is still

the most universally understood language in many-tongued India.

Recently an Opposition Member rose to attack the Government's foreign policy—a favorite topic. His main point was that it had sold itself, unwisely, to the western powers. To prove his point the orator drew heavily upon western literature. In about fifteen minutes he managed to call the House of the People "Heartbreak House," to quote Robert Burns, to refer to the Old Woman in a Shoe and to "Mary Had a Little Lamb" (eliciting a chorus of "baa, baa, Black Sheep" from the Congress benches), to call the Five-Year Plan "A Streetcar Named Desire," and then for good measure to toss in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with a crack about Uncle Sam's current preference for dark Oriental beauties.

Another Opposition M.P. makes all of his speeches in English verse. Here is a sample:

The budget on waterways
Is soaring like a rocket;
It does not irrigate the field—
It irrigates the pocket.

Other Members find nothing humorous in the language problem. Purushottamdas Tandon, the bearded, ascetic former president of the Congress Party, spoke recently for forty minutes in Hindi berating the railway administration for printing

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its timetables in Arabic instead of Hindi numerals.

AT NO TIME has the contrast between the British mold and the Indian emotions been so marked as it was during the incident of the flag. On Queen Elizabeth's birthday last year, during the first session of the new Parliament, M.P.s arrived for their early-morning session to find the Union Jack flying over Parliament House. The Communists promptly demanded an explanation from the Government.

The entire discussion was conducted in the finest parliamentary tradition. ("May I know, Sir, if the Government . . .?") The Speaker ruled the question out of order, and the two Communist questioners—one a history professor, the other the niece of the Chief Minister of Bengal—accepted the Chair's ruling gracefully, but that was not the end of it. During ensuing debate on foreign policy, the flag incident became a pet illustration in Opposition speeches of the Government's "subservience to the Anglo-American bloc." Was it for this, some of the Gandhians asked bitterly, that India had won independence? Even though emotions ran high, approval of the tense, recriminatory speeches was expressed in discreet desk thumping and an occasional "Hear! Hear!" The incident was finally settled when the Prime Minister agreed that in spite of India's membership in the Commonwealth, the British flag should not be flown over the building where India's Parliament sat. It had been, he said, a "grave mistake." Amid a display of impeccable British manners, anti-British sentiment triumphed.

Frequently, however, the "Sirs" are forgotten and the desk thumping turns into shouting. One battle which burst the confines of parliamentary procedure ended when a Communist M.P. was forcibly ejected from the council chamber by the khaki-turbaned guard. An entire group of M.P.s in the Opposition often grabs its briefcases and stalks out of the House in protest. Nor is the Prime Minister always able to control his quick temper.

Strange Benchfellows

There are those who bemoan the present Parliament's lack of dignity. They compare it disparagingly with the last Parliament, an appointed body chosen from among the best brains in India to draft the new constitution and to lay the legal framework for the new republic. James Michener called it ". . . the finest, most dignified and intellectual governing body I have ever seen in action." It was disbanded when the present Parliament was elected.

Parliaments have been convened in India without a break for over fifty years. In that time, to be sure, there has been a revolution. The British have given up their seats on the Government benches, a new independent republic has been formed, and a constitution has been drafted and adopted. But there has been a continuity. Though the all-Indian Parliament has evolved from an appointed body to a popularly elected one, it has done so within a framework based on traditional rules and procedures, with the technical help of a Parliamentary Secretariat.

BUT THE revolution is not yet complete. India's new Parliament has no real Opposition in the British sense, with a history of administration and a reasonable prospect of coming into power again in the future. The Communists and their sympathizers now number twenty-seven out of the 497 representatives in the House of the People. The Praja-Socialists—the new union of Socialists and the Gandhian K.M.P.P.—have twenty-two votes. The rest of the Opposition is made up of still smaller parties and of independents, "every one of whom," according to one of their number, "is a noncooperator."

These benchfellows have little in common. Their most concerted fight was against the Preventive Detention Act, which gave the Government extraordinary police powers, ostensibly to quell terrorism and violence. Nobody in the Opposition trusted this legislation and all feared its abuse would curb civil liberties. For once the divergent Opposition groups voted together.

But their vote was less than one-fourth of the total vote. The Congress Party, which has become a more disciplined group than it was in the previous appointed Parliament, voted—as it always does now—in a solid bloc.

The Opposition groups know that they have not even a gambler's chance of affecting legislation by vote. The only thing they can do is make noise. That is one reason why the Parliament in New Delhi is such a good show. When it becomes less of a show, it will have moved further along in its evolutionary process of becoming a responsible legislative body.

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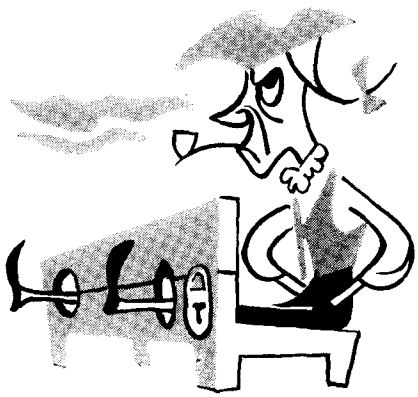
The American Liberal: After the Fair Deal, What?

ERIC F. GOLDMAN

TODAY the most authentic American liberal is, more than likely, educated beyond the average and decently well off, perhaps a youngish lawyer, an employee of some community organization, a teacher. He measures politicians by the memory of Franklin Roosevelt, cherishes his "Pogo," shushes the family at the first gravelly words of Elmer Davis. He is intelligent, well informed, public-spirited, and miserable.

Things were to have been so different. As the Second World War neared its end, the American liberal had the confidence of a man who believed he was riding with history. He looked back over the past, the great effort against fascism, the reform surges touching every continent in the 1930's, the achievements of social democracy stretching in an almost unbroken line over the centuries, and he saw the whole modern era as one in which the world had been moving toward credos of popular rule, social amelioration, and internationalism. The successes had been slow and they were certainly tortuous, but all around them was a tonic air of inevitability.

The American liberal drew special confidence from the fact that the United States would be so powerful after the war. In the years when Wendell Willkie's *One World* was breaking sales records and the White House was announcing a sweeping "Economic Bill of Rights," it was not hard to believe that America had gone through a Roosevelt Revolution, with permanent effects in both domestic and foreign affairs. Hadn't the nation grown accustomed to using governmental powers in a continuing effort to widen economic and social opportunities and to buttress



personal security? Didn't it seem prepared, however reluctantly, to commit itself to the internationalism represented by the United Nations? And withal, the liberal had reasons to believe that a substantial part of the American people had taken over his zest in jousting with the past, his skepticism of the businessman, his winking assumption that respectability and authority are probably mere guises of a reluctance to think.

THERE WERE nagging worries, of course. The debacle of the League of Nations was not encouraging; the backwash of war might easily give the Old Guard another chance in the United States; there was the fact of a powerful totalitarianism, Communism. Even during the Popular Front enthusiasm of the 1930's, a good many American liberals had been leery, and the cynicism of the Nazi-Soviet pact of August, 1939, was not casually overlooked. But after the Soviet Union had thrown millions of men into the war against Nazism, when the New Deal President and Stalin were meeting in a way that suggested genuine understanding, the leeriness was accompanied by a strong counteremotion. The Soviet Union was easily accounted a spearhead of peace and reform—bumptious and totalitarian, no doubt, but likely to modify its own dictatorship, assertive in the "right direction" on the world scene, and certainly a friend of collective security. Whatever the disturbing possibilities, liberals could reassure each other, they were all mere possibilities and limited problems at that. The overarching fact was the centuries-old world trend toward democracy, social reform, and internationalism.

The troubles came with jolting rapidity. V-J Day celebrations were hardly over when the nations began rushing into the kind of blocs that threatened to squeeze liberalism into irrelevancy on the international scene. Inside the United States, the East-West struggle was creating an atmosphere that made liberalism seem irrelevant, or worse than irrelevant, to millions. While a new defense boom was dulling economic and social concerns, the previous faith of many liberals in the Soviet Union gave a field day to the McCarthys, who now could go thrashing up and down the nation with the charge that liberalism is treason's seedbed.

The New Conservatism

To compound the liberal's difficulties, a new American conservatism was perfecting its formula. In recent years, practically everyone, or at least practically everyone seeking national approbation in the United States, has become something of a liberal in the old Rooseveltian sense. The general proposition that America must play a continuing role in the world is accepted. The need for attention

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to opportunity and security is recognized. Even liberalism's impatience with the past is not flatly condemned.

The line between conservatism and liberalism has become a question of how much and when, of timbre and coloration. The new conservative accepts, in general, the social legislation already passed, but as for any further steps, he thinks we had better appoint a commission. He believes in internationalism and he believes, equally, that collective security should be carried out with a wary hand on the purse and no fiddle-faddle about the Indonesians. He is all for new ideas, but for new ideas that can pass the tests of the adjective "solid." The self-confidence which the new conservative needed came with the increasing success of the charge that liberalism had been wrong on the critical issue of the day, the nature of Communism. The new conservative deplores McCarthyism, and adds, gravely, that it's a shame liberal folly made McCarthyism inevitable.

The mounting confidence of the new conservatism hardly decreased the discomfiture of liberals. By the Presidential election of 1952, their anxiety had reached the point where most of the movement identified its hopes, in a kind of desperate fervor, with victory for Adlai Stevenson. Surely the nation would recognize the Eisenhower campaign, with its awe of the "best business brains," its summons to get practical by having Asians fight Asians, its slightly abashed handshake with McCarthy, as the new conservatism. Surely a country that had gone through the Roosevelt Revolution would not choose conservatism in any form over a candidate who made liberalism sing with a warming sense of the community of all human beings.

THE NIGHT Stevenson conceded the election, most liberals conceded a good deal more. Shaken and forlorn, they lost their last confidence that long-run trends necessarily guaranteed liberalism anything, in the United States or in the world. In fact, history, with a mocking toss of her head, seemed off on a roar with other suitors.

In the aftermath of the election, liberals are not pouring out re-evaluations of their movement. The rethinking must be done amid the shock of losing the old landmarks and more than a little hand-wringing defeatism. The fresh emphases are emerging slowly, half-formulated and tentative. Most are accentuations of trends in liberal thinking that have been under way for quite a while. Most, too, bear at least some relationship to the international situation.

Children of Light and Darkness

The full revelation of what Communism in practice had done to the ideals of the theory is forcing the liberal toward a basic reconsideration. For decades the reform-minded in the United States, like most of the country, glided along with little reflection on the nature of man. Human beings, the liberal assumed, were inherently good. Given a chance, freed from ignorance and exploitation, they were endlessly perfectible, and the problem was simply to rescue the individual from institutional evils.

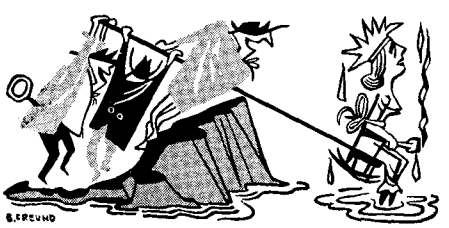
In the last few years, the note has become considerably less sanguine. Writings probing the nature of man, particularly the neo-Calvinism of Reinhold Niebuhr, are occupying more and more space in the liberal's library. A good many of the reform-minded are beginning to wonder if human beings, before they are saved from some institutional evil, had better not be saved from themselves.

While liberalism has been showing signs of this essentially new outlook, it also appears to be taking another swing in a cycle that has long marked its history. Reform groups in modern America have tended to stress either liberty or the congeries of troubles that go under the phrase "social problems." They have battled ardently for the freedom of the individual while giving less attention to other issues, or they have concentrated on social problems while assuming that liberty would go on.

The Liberal Republicans of the 1870's, for example, came down hard on the importance of liberty; the Populists and the progressives of the turn of the century gave their major emphasis to social problems; the "liberals" of the 1920's reverted to a principal concern with fighting legal or extralegal pressures for conformity. The New Dealer of the 1930's, once again, was a social-problems man. He had no doubts that Americans were free; functioning in the middle of devastating hard times, he was decidedly doubtful whether Americans would eat. Since anti-New Dealers so frequently charged the New Deal with stifling freedom, which it palpably was not doing, the liberal was the more inclined to dismiss concern over liberty as just another hobgoblin conjured up by Liberty Leaguers.

With the heightening of the East-West clash, virtually all liberals saw clearly the Communist threat to freedom around the world. The growing strength of rightist groups on the international scene and the rise of an indiscriminate and fanatic anti-radicalism at home pointed to a similar danger. From pressure on both Right and Left, the liberal had been realerted to the importance of protecting the freedom of the individual. He is responding with such intensity that American reform once again appears to be shifting its primary domestic concern from social matters to liberty. The development is especially likely in view of the absence of any desperately urgent economic problems in the United States.

TO THE EXTENT that liberals really have their minds on social issues, they have not forgotten their long-time concern, the religious and racial minorities. Beyond that, any reform-oriented thinking keeps coming up against one particularly obtrusive set of facts. New Deal liberalism fought a gallant battle for three pathetically disadvantaged groups—industrial la-



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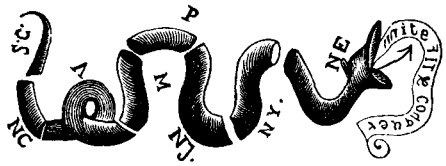
bor, the farmers, and the minorities—and Fair Deal liberalism continued the effort.

The struggle may have left many members of the minorities, particularly the Negroes, more blessed with sympathy than with opportunities. But New Deal-Fair Deal liberalism, aided by the incidental results of a decade of wartime situations, has brought most of organized labor and the farmers to a position where they are hardly woefully underprivileged. As a matter of fact, in the election of 1952 the new conservatives could charge, with some justice, that Fair Deal liberalism amounted largely to a promise to union labor and the organized farmers to protect their gains, come what might to the rest of society.

Squeeze on the Middle Classes

Over the decades, the common theme of social legislation proposed by American liberals has been an insistence that government should use its powers to aid whatever groups were not getting a fair break at the time. The people who fall into such a category in 1953 are not easily classified. The category certainly includes many members of the minorities and some farmers and industrial workers. It includes, too, and by the millions, men and women caught between union-protected labor, subsidy-protected farmers, and corporations that can take care of themselves—the secretaries and the accountants and the teachers and the laboratory technicians who, because nobody is ever sure what to call them, are put down as the middle classes. The recent pattern of American life, with its concessions to the organized and its defense-induced inflation, has left many members of this amorphous group almost missing payments on the car.

Certainly no situation could fall more clearly within the framework of American reform's traditional concern. But the liberal, accustomed to worrying over the conspicuously underprivileged person on the other side of town, finds it difficult to rouse himself to a crusade when the disadvantaged group includes himself and the real social injustice consists of an insidiously increasing clump of bills.



Only slowly, and often sidewise, have the reform-minded been moving toward a program that would meet the problems of the middle classes. There is a marked diminution in ardor for organized labor and organized agriculture. There are more calls for effective price controls, greater stress on middle-income public housing, a tensing in the pursuit of a formula by which a man with a $5,000 income and a family can be freed from worrying over sudden medical disaster. But how much attention the liberal is actually giving to these proper concerns of his movement is highly debatable.

STILL more uncertain is his stand on the unending issue of big business. Only one thing is clear: At least for the time being, an attitude that kept generations of reformers at white heat is dormant. During the last fifty years, liberals have often split into two camps. One group called for using governmental powers to splinter large business units, particularly those tending to monopoly. The other faction, arguing that concentration is inevitable, urged that business should be permitted to go on concentrating but held to the community interest by continuous Federal regulation. The cleavage in reform opinion was clear in the Wilson-Roosevelt campaign of 1912; it reappeared among Franklin Roosevelt's advisers; it did not disappear during the Fair Deal. But today, after decades of trust busting have left industry more concentrated than ever and another defense program is in full swing, talk of splitting the giants is likely to produce only wan smiles in liberal circles.

So the assumption is regulation, but the assumption is no longer a cocky one. Disturbing complexities have been pointed up for the liberal by Harry Truman's swings from Left to Right and by his tendency to govern through cronies. The liberal had finally to face the fact that the more numerous and the more powerful the regulatory agencies he creates, the more damage the agencies can do to his purposes when in the hands of conservatives, incompetents, or corruptionists. Now, with Mr. Eisenhower's predominantly business-magnate Administration in control, many liberals have nightmares of able, clean administrators ably and cleanly using Federal powers to do precisely what the liberals do not want done.

Under the circumstances, the liberal is increasingly wary about the process of centralizing power. In fields where local action is practical—notably FEPC, aid to education, and medical insurance—he is eying regional and state possibilities with unwonted interest; Federal legislation is often thought of only as a threat and a last resort. But the central problem—the regulation of large-scale industry—obviously permits of no local solutions, and in this field liberal proposals are not characterized by any great air of immediate applicability. Here and there, the reform-minded write thoughtfully of extending the TVA concept—the principle of having Washington lay down a general directive and then having the directive carried out, with considerable latitude, by an administrative agency on the spot. They argue that a string of strategically placed TVAs, by setting up yardsticks in the crucial power industry, would provide an indirect method of guiding the whole economic scene with relative freedom from Federal domination. It is, to be sure, an interesting argument.

Consistents and Inconsistents

And it is, equally surely, nowhere near as important as what has been happening with respect to international affairs. Throughout the history of the United States, few Americans have ever really felt at home with foreign policy. Even in periods of war, even at the height of the Wilsonian and Rooseveltian internationalisms, foreign policy tended to be something you had and got over with as quickly as possible. This was usually as true of liberals as of their opponents, and often it was even more true of liberals because of their haunting fear that activity abroad

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would curtail reform at home. The cardinal point of the whole emerging liberal program is its emphasis on international affairs. It assumes not only that foreign policy is fundamental but also that it will continue to be fundamental for an indefinite future.

Having made this assumption, a good many liberals are anything but sure what to be fundamental about. It is not easy to make programs with confidence when you are perched on the horns of dilemmas, and the American liberal of today is plagued by at least two foreign-affairs difficulties so tortuous that they have many of the appearances of dilemmas. The first is the problem of reconciling what you want done abroad with your goals at home. The other is the difficulty, in the world as it is now constituted, of combating Communist imperialism without building up feudal holdovers, rightward-tending opportunists, and outright fascists.

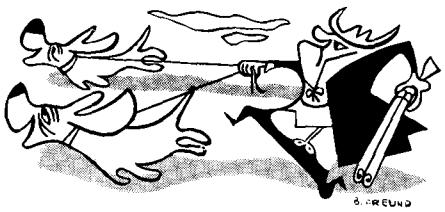
Harlan Cleveland once spoke aptly of the "Consistents" and the "Inconsistents"—that is, those who, having decided on a foreign policy, are or are not willing to accept the inevitable implications for domestic affairs. In many respects, the American liberal of today is a notable Consistent; after all, an expensive foreign policy implies, at least to some extent, the controlled economy to which he has long been sympathetic. But when the troubles really begin to impale him, the liberal often wriggles off into inconsistencies as gross as any on the American political scene. It is not difficult, for example, to find liberals who fervidly advocate a vast and highly inflationary program of world development and simultaneously resist anti-inflation proposals which, if genuinely effective, would clamp down on wages as well as prices.

For the most part, liberals are facing much more squarely the fundamental problem—the proper method of handling world Communism.

There has been, to be sure, a great deal of murky talk about relying on "third forces" in areas where such forces exist only by semantic license. Yet most liberals seem to be swinging to a policy that is soundly chosen, however difficult it may be to bring into practice. In recent years, liberals have been increasingly united in insisting that the global clash should not be permitted to turn into a simple struggle between Communists and anti-Communists. Instead they want it viewed in three aspects: an aggressive Soviet expansionism; an American-led coalition to stop the Soviet; and—on this they place great stress—a large group of underdeveloped peoples in the midst of social revolutions, some of which are more nationalist than Communist, others the reverse, but all representing a hunger for independence and social amelioration.

The United States, the liberal argument runs, must make a distinction wherever possible, between Soviet-led expansionism and social revolution. There is no blanket criticism of the present American policies. Liberals are eager to build military and diplomatic defenses against Russia; most of them are willing, however unhappily, to condone lining up with reactionaries whenever this seems to add materially to the effort. But they are eager to strengthen the parts of American policy that make the United States the friend of political and social change and to weaken the parts that equate opposition to Soviet expansionism with an opposition to change. They want the United States, both by sympathy and material aid, to say to the underdeveloped areas that it is ready for revolutions as long as they are not Soviet-dominated, and to say to the areas under Russian influence that there is an alternative other than the restoration of colonialism and feudalism. Liberals, in short, are trying to get in between extreme Left and extreme anti-Left, to build a world bloc that, if not liberal, is neither Communist nor reactionary.

This foreign policy and its key position in liberal thinking suggest the essence of American liberalism, post-Fair Deal. In some ways—notably its hesitancy about centralization and its cooling toward the farmer-labor coalition—the emerging program can be said to be more conservative than its immediate predecessors. In one aspect—its near-encouragement of revolutions in underdeveloped areas in the rest of the world—it can be said to be more radical.



A Holding Action

But the larger pattern of trends offers the probability that American liberalism is developing in a way not really characterized by degrees of conservatism or radicalism. Consciously or not, it seems to be turning into a holding action, conservative in its major import and ready for radicalism in its methods. By stressing foreign policy, and a particular type of foreign policy, it is working to prevent the East-West clash from turning into a vise of Left and Right that would crush liberalism everywhere. By its tendency to make the preservation of liberty the prime concern on the domestic scene, it is fighting to maintain free avenues of thought and action, the only kind of avenues genuinely favorable for the movement and the only ones that can lead to fresh formulas.

If such is to be the role of the post-Fair Deal liberals, they are headed for no jaunty tilting with the gods. Holding actions have a way of being grimy; the battering goes on and on and the bugler rarely sounds a charge. But holding actions have another characteristic which, if sufficiently recognized, could prove a tonic to a movement feeling rebuffed by the whole world: They are rarely fought for small stakes. In this case, the stake is nothing less than the preservation of circumstances in which history, having had her fling, can return to the habits which seemed her natural ones in happier days for American liberals.

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Japan: Westward
The Course of Youth

HAROLD STRAUSS

ABOUT three-quarters of a mile north of Shimoda, gathered close to the concave face of a cliff and darkened by huge old pines, there is a gloomy temple that was once the home of Townsend Harris, the first American consul general in Japan. Harsh-voiced crows flock in the trees and the hand-swept earth between the black trunks is bare and packed. Near the gate is a gray granite tablet inscribed with a passage from Harris's diary, ending: "Grave reflections. Ominous of change. Undoubted beginning of the end. Query:—if for the real good of Japan?"

The tablet seemed to sum up for me a series of distressing impressions. A few days before, I had revisited a Japanese family whose walled garden and quiet house had, back in 1946, been a sanctuary from the desolation of central Tokyo. Its mistress, a cultured, old-fashioned woman who cared a great deal for the arts, had taught me much, and she welcomed me back to Japan with the slow and rather dull elegancies of the tea ceremony. Her sons, my friends, alert, modern young men of twenty-eight and thirty, were restless all through the ceremony and apologized afterward for subjecting me to such an ordeal.

The tablet also reminded me of the changes in another, far wealthier home. The delicately painted sliding panels at one end of the living room had been removed, destroying its proportions, to make way for a western-style library dominated by a huge radio-phonograph. The bookshelves were lined with French novels, translations of all kinds, and a vast number of political and economic works in German and English.

I WAS unprepared for the emotional disturbances accompanying the westernization of the inward life of Japan, even though, during the six years I was away, I had received many letters such as this one: "The form of Japanese society is becoming modern and democratic, but private ideals have not yet been perfectly modernized. In order to live well, we must deceive ourselves. We are really still semi-feudal. Each individual understands what the modern spirit is, and speaks of it much, but it never penetrates our emotions. In the long run, they are formal or feudal, especially among people in authority."

I had taken such statements literally, not recognizing how widespread was the rebellion against tradition, both in politics and in daily life, and what progress it had made. I had attributed repeated derogations of all things Japanese only to the usual restlessness of all intellectuals. Even on my way back to Japan, I had not paid much attention to the young official sitting next to me on the plane who had watched me laboriously deciphering characters and then asked, "Who reads a Japanese novel?"

Lost Dreams and Illusions

In the seven weeks I was in Tokyo, there was not one public exhibition of traditional charcoal ink paintings. There were, however, thirteen major shows of oil paintings by young men who had studied or who wanted to study in Paris. The traditional theater is also dying. The great Kabuki actors are dead or growing old, and few are coming up to take their places. The son of a Cabinet Minister turned aside my questions about the theater by saying, with an uneasy mixture of pride and shame, that he had never seen Kabuki and neither had most of his friends.

The exquisite art of the geishas, presented as a theater spectacle each April and November, is now enlivened with a touch of Roxy choreography. Strip-tease shows were originally introduced in Japan for the Americans; but now, even when there are no troops, such displays have become popular with the Japa-

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nese, to whom nudity never before had any special significance. The sad little farm girls of the Yoshiwara, the prostitutes' section of Tokyo, used to have a certain courtly charm and dignity as they dressed and made up in rooms wide open to the street; now, dressed in sweaters and skirts, chewing gum for all they are worth, they yell G.I. phrases over the blare of American jazz. Gone too is a sign I once saw in the Yoshiwara: "A person came here, but don't peep into his heart. It is a weak man's heart, nurtured by dreams and illusions."

A walk through Tokyo's Ginza is a walk through a honky-tonk world blazing with neon lights. Cabarets, many patronized only by Japanese, crowd against pinball warrens, "stand bars," and restaurants with names like Jack's Steak Place. Provincial cities ape Tokyo in a provincial way. Even towns that have seen no foreign troops since 1947 have the look of a camp-follower civilization. This look will not easily be altered, because Japan's cities were rebuilt at a time when cabarets were much more profitable than teahouses.

The Past Has Failed

This tawdriness is called Coca-Colonization. It is blamed on the Americans, but actually in large measure it springs from a widespread revulsion among young people against all things Japanese. They wish to be Coca-Colonized. They equate all traditional manners, customs, and art with the past, with defeat, and therefore with feudalism, with nationalism, and with weakness.

I do not mean that westernization has become a religion with these young people. The same young intellectuals who spout about science and rationalism, believing they are highways to power for Japan, wish to by-pass the coarseness and materialism of America and emulate France. That is their compromise with their buried Japanese conscience. Even one of Japan's great scholars, Yoshiro Nagayo, told me, "America must pass through a period of decadence before it will be truly civilized," though in the next breath he declared passionately, "America is the hope of the world." He meant that the Japanese find it uncomfortable, although necessary, to associate with people who think only in terms of absolutes, who see only sharply etched blacks and whites and cannot distinguish shades of gray.

This widespread attitude helps to explain some of the political paradoxes in Japan: that Japan is a loyal ally though many of its people are anti-American; that they will rearm if they must, but fear our hotheadedness if they do; that they crave American loans and American education but hate their impact on daily life; that they search for renewed power through technology but dream of quiescence and even seclusion.

There is an old Japanese tradition that the most satisfying life is an eventless one, lived out in elegant simplicity close to nature, unburdened by either the products or conflicts of trade and industry. It is amusing to see how this dream still flickers even in the most modern-minded young Japanese. One of them, who considers Japan so hopelessly backward and unscientific that he wants to leave forever, recently wrote to me: "As to present Tokyo, there are too many cars running, too many people with a busy appearance, too many bars crowned by French names. Our separation from nature is too extreme. This country is not the place for civilization anyway. The more primitive the better, as far as Japanese life is concerned."

This young man's ambivalence was perfectly illustrated in a play I saw this year, one of many touching on the East-West conflict and the revolution in personal values. It was a fine production, starring Yaeko Mizutani as the mother of a boy nearing college age. After skillfully demonstrating how the young man's western habits and the western objects he brings home are upsetting the Japanese household, the play reaches a climax when the parents, after much soul searching, decide to send him to an American college for four years. The son is overjoyed and runs off. Alone, the father changes into a dark kimono, sits in the formal position, asks for his samisen, and sings some very old and very sad traditional songs. Audiences responded to this dramatization of a common conflict with audible weeping.

The Future Is Alien

Current novels also dwell on this conflict and cast it in the classical form of *giri-ninjo,* or obligation versus human feeling, somewhat similar to the duty-versus-love novels of the West. The westernization of Japan, to be achieved through cold, scientific rationalism, is considered a national obligation, but one to be fulfilled only at the expense of harmony with nature and of traditional human relationships. What this means to a Japanese was explained to me by an elderly Kyoto professor, an authority on the Chinese classics, which are to Japanese thought what the Greek and Latin classics are to ours. "Chinese thought begins and ends with man," the professor told me. "It does not seek abstractions but experiences, out of which it forms precepts that may be neither logical nor consistent. Because of the nature of character writing, which produces clusters of substantives and has difficulties with abstract ideas, our thought is associative, allegorical, parabolic, and aphoristic, but not logical. It is very sensitive to human feelings, but too vague and imprecise for science. If Japan wishes to be strong, it must make progress in the sciences. To make this progress, it must adopt western ways of thinking."

AMID THE STORM of this conflict, the halfway houses of neutralism and existentialism seem to many Japanese to offer a shelter in which they can live from day to day, far enough from the power struggle to avoid its debasement, far enough from the misty past to avoid its feudal penalties. This attitude prevails

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among *avant-garde* intellectuals. One of them, Yoshie Hotta, won the most important literary prize last year for his novel *Loneliness in the Public Square*. I invited him to visit me, and he turned out to be a fierce, painfully thin young man with an unruly shock of black hair who looked more like a Left Bank intellectual than a Japanese. And so he was. He had never been to France, but he had studied French literature at Keio University, and he was brimful of existentialist and neutralist ideas. He denounced Japanese literature as vague and sentimental and American literature as violent and materialistic; he spoke of French *clarté*, and proclaimed that the novel must be "rationalized and modernized." His first novel, published just after the war, was called *Fatherland Lost*.

Existentialism, as a mood rather than as a philosophy, gained impetus from the French Resistance, which emphasized day-to-day survival and, because it drew together anti-Nazis of all shades of political opinion, ridiculed all political abstractions. Existence precedes essence, it declared.

Just as in other defeated countries, this mood suited young Japanese such as Hotta perfectly; it is the theme of his prize novel, which deals with the spiritual isolation of a group of anti-Communist, anti-American intellectuals at the outbreak of the Korean War. The narrative is set in motion by the problem of translating the phrase "enemy tanks" when it comes over the wires to a Japanese newspaper office. Are the North Koreans really Japan's enemies? More an editorial than a novel, *Loneliness in the Public Square* shows quite clearly Hotta's sympathy for neutralism.

'They Will Return'

For contrast, I went to visit one of Japan's best-known older writers, Yasunari Kawabata, in his beautiful old-style house at Kamakura. Everything about him—dress, manner, his magnificent collection of paintings, his style of living, and his style of writing—bespeaks tradition. And yet he is very tolerant toward the younger writers. He remarked that they were making an important experiment in rebelling against the sentimentality of the Japanese novel, and added with a smile, "This is their time of revolt. When they are older, they will return to the main stream of Japanese life."

But I sensed more resignation than approval in Kawabata's tolerance. The young were destroying much that was good and valuable, he said. They spent so much time studying foreign literature that they knew little of their own, and therefore their style was harsh and awkward. They no longer studied the Chinese classics, which had once been required reading but were made optional in high schools during the occupation. The question became a political issue when Dr. Amano, the Minister of Education, proposed that the Chinese classics be made compulsory again, and was forced to resign. Nevertheless, the classics are now coming back: Though they are not yet compulsory in high schools, they are a requirement for admission at the universities.

Kawabata feels that already, amid the predominant tendency toward a coarse and blatant westernization, there is a countertendency among scholars, critics, editorial writers, teachers, and political figures, most of whom are older than the *avant-garde* intellectuals.

ANOTHER older writer, Jiro Osaragi, was less optimistic. He feels that today the people, especially the young, have no faith in Japan or in themselves. Their way of thinking, he said, is superficial. They live by ideas that have no deep roots. "But it is no use to tell them that," he added gently. "As they grow older, they will learn it of their own accord. But it is harder for them because their education was so distorted, first by war and military service, and then later by the mistakes of the occupation."

He said that the sweeping bans by SCAP against old textbooks of history, geography, and ethics had been a mistake. Certainly texts heavily infected with militarism needed to be revised, but SCAP's methods were so drastic that they weakened the moral foundation of an entire school generation. The new texts forced teachers to teach things they themselves didn't understand very well.

A Fall from Grace

The emancipation of women, another SCAP reform, was at first taken to mean only sexual freedom, but by now it has brought about many other changes in Japanese life. In Ehime Prefecture alone, women attend 244 "civil halls" supported by the prefecture in which adult classes are held "for the improvement of village life."

These improvements are almost always utilitarian, and sometimes unsuitable for villages, but the program is carried on with blind and uncritical enthusiasm. There are 130 state-financed women's clubs to provide Japanese women with interests and activities outside of their own homes, and 1,500,000 women are members of the SCAP-introduced Parent-Teacher Association.

All across Japan women are changing the old tradition of living eventlessly, close to nature, in refined simplicity. This change creates strong emotional conflicts, both in the women and in their communities. What is perhaps more important for Americans, the westernization of daily life is expensive. It requires a greatly increased consumption of material goods. Unless the United States is willing to subsidize a western standard of living in Japan indefinitely, Japan will face economic crisis.

There is, of course, another possibility—a voluntary return to a simpler way of life. Those other islanders, the British, have come to terms with austerity; but the Japanese have made no comparable effort, even though their austerity need never be

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as grim, for they are thrice blessed in having available a way of life that is comfortable, beautiful, and inexpensive.

How much good and how much harm have been done by American influence in Japan? On the credit side, there are huge scientific and economic gains, and some political improvements. The common people, especially the farmers, are much better off materially. These are tangible benefits. But all this has cost something, even though the costs are intangible. They are, according to a leading literary critic with whom I spoke, the rejection of a rich and sophisticated and satisfying culture, the corrosion of the innermost structure of personality and motive, and above all the loss of personal dignity. The critic was trying to explain the harshness, eroticism, and nihilism of postwar Japanese art, but it seemed to me that what he said applied to the quality of life itself.

An incident in Beppu, near the end of my trip, symbolized the Japanese predicament. Beppu is a famous hot-springs playground that escaped all damage during the war. What then hit and damaged Beppu was a huge rest and recreation camp for troops on leave from Korea. The pleasure of G.I.s on leave has become its major industry, and the old atmosphere has vanished.

During the two miserable days I spent there, I was interviewed by a local newspaperman, who asked how I liked Beppu. I answered him frankly. Then, perhaps with more humor than I noticed at the time, he asked if I had any suggestions he could pass on to the mayor. That stumped me. What could the mayor do? Get rid of the troops? Even if that were possible, Beppu would still be a shabby heap of tin and neon, and until it could attract Japanese families again, its income would drop disastrously. Neither Beppu nor Japan can set the clock back. So I took advantage of the Japanese convention of humility and told the reporter that no foreigner should presume to answer such a question. I told him the real remedy lies somewhere deep in the Japanese spirit, and that it was not for me to say what it might be. I still have no better answer.

Any Resemblance . . .

III. Portrait of a Mob

MARYA MANNES

You would not think to look at Curtis—gray, hearty, prosperous—that all his life he has been afraid. He has been afraid of losing; and all his energies have been bent on keeping. When he was graduated from Princeton he had a real desire to become an archaeologist and go to far places, but he was afraid of losing the security of a job in his father's brokerage firm, so he became a broker. He was in love with a girl who had foreign parents and played the piano, but he was afraid he might lose the approval of his friends if he married her, so he married a girl who would have it, although he did not love her. In spite of taxes, Curtis has made more and more money every year, but he is so afraid of losing it that he imagines its possession is threatened by everyone and everything.

It was threatened first by Roosevelt and his social reforms, so Curtis became a lifelong enemy of Democrats. It was threatened later by war, so Curtis became an America Firster. After Pearl Harbor he became a dedicated patriot and sold a great many war bonds. But after the war he felt his possessions threatened by socialism in Great Britain and its spreading contagion here, so he became very anti-British. Even now, under the Republicans, he feels that wars and taxes are the fault of the government, and that its errors constantly threaten his capital. He is therefore very gratified that there is a man on the radio who confirms his fears every night. Curtis is still afraid of loss, but he knows now that there are many like him, and that if things really get too bad, some action—under the proper leadership, of course—can be taken.

Emily is a widow of fifty who lives with her seventy-year-old mother in a small town not far from Shreveport, Louisiana. If one were to describe Emily, a recurrent word would be "confused." Wispy and disorganized in dress and manner, she has the look of a woman who has never known what hit her. Since her husband died ten years ago of undiagnosed diabetes, she has kept house for her deaf and irritable mother in a mansion too large for them on an income too small for it. When she looks at the indifferent young colored girl who cleans once a week for outrageous wages, Emily remembers bitterly the smiling servants of her youth.

Now she does most of the work, cooking flavorless snacks for the two of them and waiting for the hot days to pass. Aside from the church, of which she is an active member, Emily's only real diversion is the

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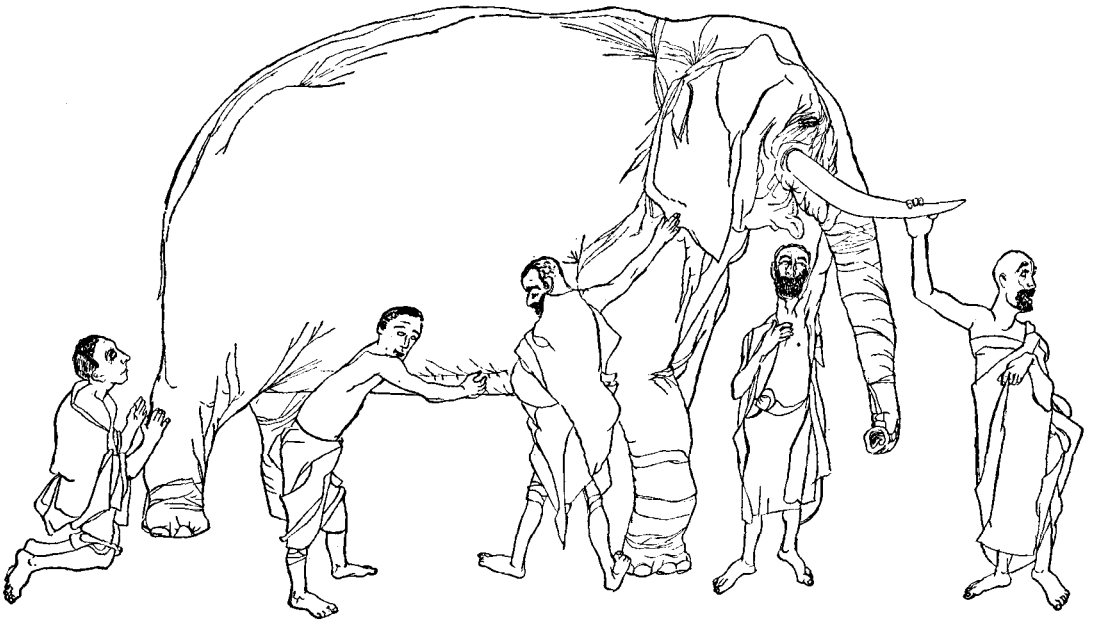

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

THE BLIND MAN who touched the elephant's head said "An elephant is like a water pot." The one who felt his ears said "like a basket." Another fingered the tusks and said "An elephant is like a plow." Feeling the legs, a fourth said "like a post." And the blind man who touched the elephant's belly asserted "An elephant is like a granary."

It's the same way with the news. You touch a part and you think "This is how it is"—*but you may be wrong.* Even when you understand one or more parts of the news perfectly, you may still put the parts together incorrectly, you may still base an inexact over-all picture on them. To get the whole truth, you have to get the whole story.

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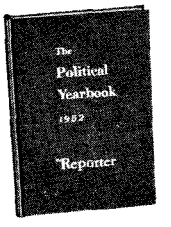

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The Reporter

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radio, and she listens regularly every day to at least five soap operas. Her only other fixed radio date is during suppertime, when she listens to the news presented and commented on by a man who seems to make clear to her all sorts of things she never understood before.

Until five years ago, when she first tuned him in by accident, Emily had avoided listening to the news because it upset and confused her. There were so many things going on in the world, usually dreadful, and you never could make head or tail of them. But this man could. He took her into his confidence with his kind, quiet voice, and told her why things were as they were. The reason they were living so poorly was the taxes, and the money for the taxes was all Wasted by the Government and Given Away to Foreigners, and food too, so that people like Emily and her mother had to eat out of cans. And Minturn died of diabetes because the Democrats were trying to bring in socialized medicine. And the Negroes were so rich and uppity because the government was trying to make everybody equal, as if anybody was. And there were traitors just everywhere trying to take America away from the Americans, right under their noses. All these things were clear now, and the dim inchoate anger that had smoldered so long in Emily's breast was burning bright and sharp. She wished there was something she could do to help.

"One of the smartest men in the business," they say of Roy. And indeed a man has got to be smart to be the sales manager of a large aviation firm in California at the age of thirty-six, to have a beautiful wife, three handsome kids, and a swimming pool.

Aside from great boyish charm, the ingredients of Roy's success have been three: mechanical genius, business vision, and nerve. The first and the last combined to push him ahead in the Air Force in the last war; the business vision has kept him constantly one jump ahead of his competitors. All in all, he should be a happy man.

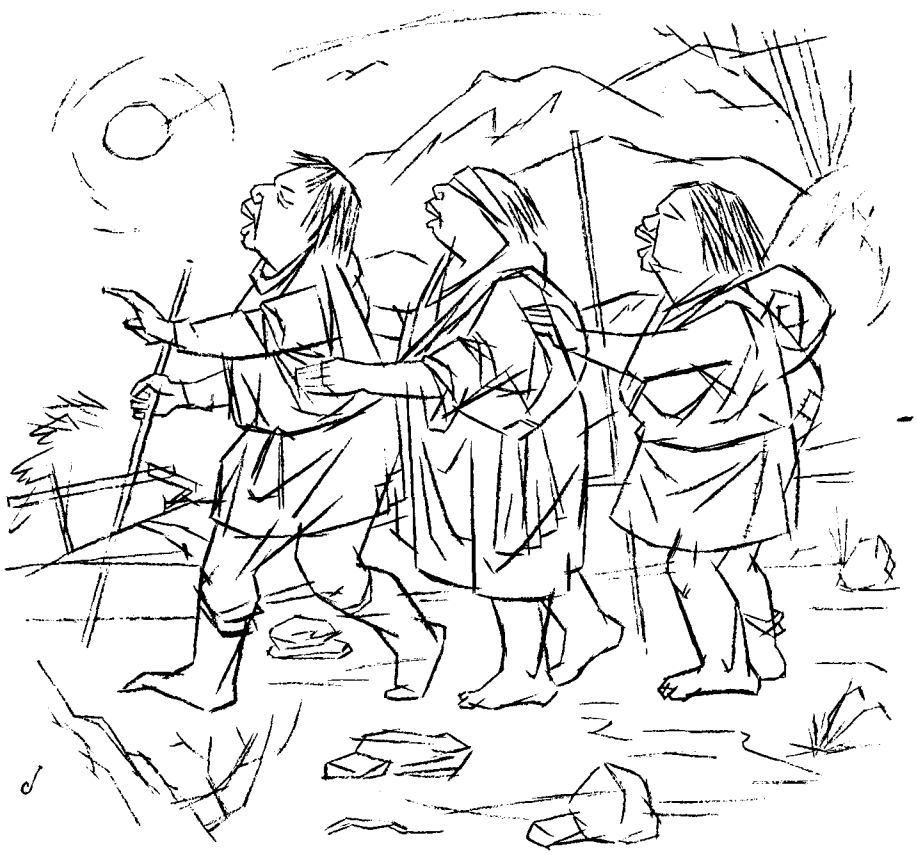
But one thing gnaws at him in secret: He has had practically no education. Restlessness and bad marks made him leave high school before graduation and—over the protests of his ambitious parents—take a job at the local airport. One thing led to another and here he was now, a big shot who hardly ever read anything in his life but comics, trade papers, and Hearst editorials. Although nobody, including his wife Betty, feels this to be a limitation, Roy does. Deep down is a corroding envy of the educated. Roy has been able to convince himself that most of our troubles come from the intellectuals, and so many people are coming around to his way of thinking that Roy's vindication is almost complete.

Leading this new enlightenment and providing all the evidence anyone might need is a radio commentator Roy listens to every night while he bathes before cocktails. This man expresses what Roy has always felt: that the brain boys are the bad news. First Roosevelt, of course, with his Groton accent and New Deal professors; then Acheson, with his fancy talk and English clothes, filling the State Department with cookie-pushing Phi Betes; and now, my God, the U.N. And look at the traitors: Hiss, Fuchs, Nunn May—the brain boys again.

Forgetting, or ignorant of, the painful and magnificent self-education of Lincoln, Roy—like the commentator—cites him as the sort of citizen we need today: an honest, plain guy, a real American, with none of this international stuff. If enough of them could only get together. . . .

"Morton has always been so sensitive," says his mother to anyone who will listen. This sensitivity has caused his expulsion from three different schools and the inward anguish of a mother who has found no means to communicate with her son. Now twenty-one, Morton lives in a world of his own, which he cherishes. It is a world of imaginary violence, and his passports to it are many: comic books of crime and sadism, crime movies, accidents, sensation of any kind so long as it is shocking and so long as he himself is in no danger.

Lately, however, there has been an addition to this world, or rather an extension of it into reality. It all happened while he was looking at a



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horror show in a downtown movie and was picked up by an older man who seemed to understand Morton better than anyone before and to recognize the latent power within him. This man introduced him the following week to a secret society dedicated to a pure America. The only condition of membership was to pledge extermination of its enemies within and without, and—on occasion—to hand out literature.

This pledge and the literature were very exciting to Morton, and he soon became an ardent and active member of the group, which—it seemed—was gaining converts from all sides and even being condoned (though not openly) by certain Members of Congress and supported (though not openly) by certain pretty big businessmen. The leader said that before long they could come out in the open and form clubs and hold rallies, and that in the meantime each one of them should listen to certain radio commentators, particularly one in the evening who could give them sound arguments for their crusade.

Morton's mother is amazed at the change in him these days. He seems to have a lot of important work to do and is much nicer to her. He has finally taken her into his secret and they listen together to this commentator who gives Morton, at least, a great exaltation and strength. He will Show Them, Morton keeps telling himself; just wait.

CURTIS, Emily, Roy, and Morton, left to themselves, are four individuals worlds apart in character, background, capacity; faceless and lost in the great host of their countrymen.

Each by himself is without direction or destination, his motion through life not unlike the movement of a mote in the sunlight or of a bacillus in fluid.

It remains for an outside force to give them a direction and a destination; and in the case of these four—or four times four times four and so on, in a long, unhappy process of multiplication—it is the voice of a commentator on the radio, speaking to their viscera and impelling them along one course.

'I Did It All With My Piccolo'

BILL MAULDIN

Q.: THE WITNESS will please state his profession.

A.: I play the piccolo in moving pictures.

Q.: It is the committee's understanding that you have quite a large following in the nation. People flock to pictures in which you appear, and young girls have been known to, uh, swoon when you appear in public.

A.: Sir, I have been very fortunate in that respect. More fortunate than I deserve. My country has treated me better than I have treated it, you might say.

Q.: Would you elaborate on that, please?

A.: With my piccolo and my personality I have been like the Pied Piper in the streets, leading the people astray. Especially young girls.

Q.: Please continue. But first the committee would like to point out for the record, in view of accusations that have been leveled at us from certain quarters, that we are not coercing you, browbeating you, prompting you, or in any way forcing you to make the statements you are about to make.

A.: Sir, for the record I would like to point out that this subpoena was like a breath of fresh air to me. I welcome the chance to confess publicly that I have been in error, that in the recent past I have used my music and other talents for corrupt and unpatriotic purposes.

Q.: Thank you. Would you explain to the committee, and to the people who may be listening, in just what way you misused your popularity?

A.: During the Second World War, I was sometimes guilty of a certain sneaky feeling of friendship for the evil power which seeks to destroy us today. When they were fighting on our side against a common enemy I tended to forget the bigger picture. I went to social gatherings of friends where the enemy—our true enemy—was praised, and I did not protest.

Q.: And this attitude insinuated itself into your work?

A.: Oh, yes, sir. I remember one scene in one movie where I was a carefree troubadour walking down a road. The director suggested I play a short air on my piccolo, and I . . . I . . . I'm sorry, sir, I am losing control of myself; I apologize. May I borrow a handkerchief from counsel? Thank you. Well, sir, I actually slipped in a couple of bars of You-Know-Who's national anthem.

Q.: Did you do it on your own

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initiative? Or was it suggested to you by someone? Perhaps the director himself?

A.: I will not try to pass the blame. It was my own idea. Although I must say the director didn't object, and he must surely have recognized the tune. And certainly nobody did anything about it in the cutting room, either. I have to say that on many occasions during my fellow-traveling period I was encouraged and sometimes even prodded by fellow performers and directors. I was very gullible and most of them were just fools, too, I'm sure, but some of them seemed to know what they were doing.

Q.: Would you tell us who some of these people were?

A.: To show my sincerity in trying to make up for some small bit of the terrible damage I have inflicted upon the country that trusted and adored me, I have brought here with me a list of eighty-seven personal friends and professional associates whose loyalty I feel is definitely questionable.

Q.: You say you were gullible. Do you think you might still be gullible in certain ways?

A.: Sir, I have learned my lesson . . . I'm sorry, I have to borrow that handkerchief again. I know I'm behaving like a fool, but you don't realize what a burden is in my heart.

Q.: Please understand we are sympathetic.

A.: What can I say beyond admitting I was wrong, that I associated with friends I can no longer trust and slandered those who I now realize are my only friends? I humbly throw myself at the mercy of the nation I have wronged, knowing full well that I deserve no mercy from my compatriots or from this committee, which stands like a faithful watchdog guarding us from those who would destroy us.

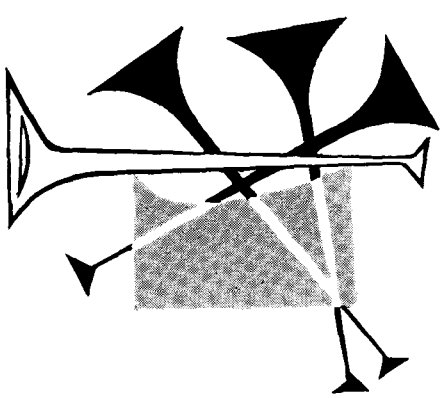
Q.: Well spoken. And now it may please you to learn that it is the decision of this committee, in view of your straightforward and co-operative testimony, that after a one-year reindoctrination course at Novsmosograd you will be allowed once again to appear in motion pictures in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and in all its allied People's Democracies.

Regina: Broadway In the Opera House

JAMES HINTON, JR.

DURING the theatrical season that has just shed its undercoat of near successes in preparation for the hot New York summer ahead, opera has furnished more than its usual share of controversy. Most of the issues were already well charred, but their rekindling resulted in an intellectual smog of sufficient density to make everybody rheumy and to obscure any light that might have been cast. It remained for the New York City Opera, with its revival of Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*, to make a really positive contribution.

Regina is an opera with a difference; it may also be an opera with a future—if not for itself, for its descendants. American opera audiences are used to associating with Greek gods and cloak-and-sword villains. Now they had before them a figure



considerably closer to their extra-operatic taste, for Mr. Blitzstein's title character is the same Regina Giddings made familiar by Tallulah Bankhead and Bette Davis in the play and movie of Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*. But her character, and the character of the husband she despises because he is not avaricious, are illuminated and reinforced by music. They sing. Their music has Tin Pan Alley echoes. The language they sing is American.

THE BASIC problem of producing opera in America has always been to find an audience capable of supporting it. Opera on a reputable level is an expensive pastime, and Americans have never shown an overwhelming enthusiasm for footing the bill.

Neither fact should surprise anyone. Opera has never really paid its way anywhere, but in Europe government subventions have replaced the bounties of vanished Maecenases. Here the budgetary problem is more pressing. Rich men founded the Metropolitan, and rich men still sit on its board of directors, but more and more they depend for financial support on the corporeal and radio audiences. Each year there is a save-the-Metropolitan appeal, and each year enough impressionable people send in their dollars to ensure another losing season. A look at the Metropolitan's repertoire gives at least some indication why the struggle is so grim.

'*La Traviata* with Dogs'

The staple operas are the same as at La Scala in Milan. The Milanese audience gets more restaged productions and more new works, but the backbones of the repertoires are the same. The *La Bohèmes* and *La Traviatas* persist because they are good operas. They wear well, and they are exceedingly tough. As the late Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the only manager of the Metropolitan ever to show a profit at the end of a season, remarked, you could give *La Traviata* with dogs and it would

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still succeed with the audience.

The difference is that to an Italian, *La Traviata* is a native dish, while to an American it is an acquired taste. The average American operagoer does not understand the words; at best, he knows the outline of the plot.

This is true of even the most devoted enthusiasts—the regular standees at the Metropolitan. A large percentage of them are vocal enthusiasts pure and simple. They disclaim quite frankly any concern for the words; they just like to listen to the singing. In the days before Rudolf Bing's icy gaze was on them, some singers traded on this pervasive ignorance and amused themselves by replacing the text with scatological observations of their own. Nobody complained.

But however loyal the support of these enthusiasts, there are not enough of them to satisfy the voracious demands of the budget, even when their contribution is augmented by the long-suffering executives whose wives drag them to the boxes in the Diamond Horseshoe as a means of ensuring social prestige.

On the other hand, the successive assaults of talking pictures, radio, and television have not destroyed the American taste for theater. Although a producer today thinks several more times than he once would have before sending a Broadway show on the road, a New York success—and especially a successful musical—can tour long and profitably. Thousands of people across the country have gone with smarting palms from a one-night stand of *Oklahoma!*, happily unaware that they have just been applauding something that is very close to being an opera.

The problem, of course, is how to lure a member of this musical-theater audience into the opera house. The solution is to persuade him that he will understand what he hears and sees without undue effort; when he leaves he must be convinced that he has been to a good show. Otherwise he will go away and warn others that they are better off outside—at the movies, or at home with the television set.

Attempts to bridge the gap between the operatic and Broadway audiences have been various. Early this season there was *My Darlin' Aïda*, for which the wily producer appropriated Verdi's music and the basic plot of *Aïda* and transported them, not without damage in transit, from Memphis, Egypt, in the time of the Pharaohs to Memphis, Tennessee, in the time of Jefferson Davis. The formula, which had worked when Oscar Hammerstein II provided *Carmen* with a here-and-now plot and an English book, did not produce success, although not even the direst critical anathemas can obscure the fact that it might have succeeded under more talented ministrations.

Then the Metropolitan produced *La Bohème* in a slangy English version by the Broadway lyricist Howard Dietz, with polemical results that must have reached every reading citizen. In coldly practical terms, nobody liked it very much. Traditionalists and voice lovers went to the Italian performances instead, and there was no great rush of Broadway habitués longing to be initiated into the mysteries of Puccini.

The entry of *Regina* into the repertoire of an established opera company was a good deal closer to the point; some day it may be looked back on as a milestone. Here, for the first time, a musical show that had been a success, although a modest one, on Broadway crossed the line that separates "shows" from "operas."

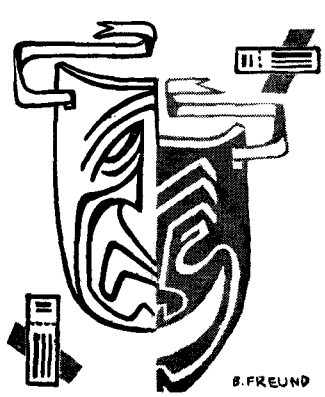
Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas might be cited as earlier examples of a successful shift: as a matter of fact, so could *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which had its American première on Broadway in 1892. But the cases are not the same, for nobody ever had any doubt that *The Medium* and *The Consul* were operas—operas directly descended, in fact, from the veristic success of Mascagni himself, and not notably original in their contribution.

Regina, when it was first presented at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre in 1949, was carefully shielded from the possible ill effects of being labeled an opera. Nonetheless, it was no tuneful musical comedy complete with ballet and happy ending, nor was it a serious but lugubrious montage of bad poetry with semi-serious music, like Maxwell Anderson's and Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*. It was, and is, a tragic opera of uncompromising musical seriousness, an American tragic opera that is good theater no matter where it is presented.

'I Hope You Die'

This is not to claim that *Regina* is a perfect work. It has the ancient disease of opera-libretto trouble. Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* is too terse and hard-bitten a play to yield easily to musical elaboration. The difficulty is not, as has been said, that it is too good a play to be made into an opera; it is, however, the wrong play. Its climaxes are too swift and vicious to permit the music to elaborate them. While the rapacious Hubbard family is being introduced and characterized, everything goes well. But when Regina thrusts her sick husband from her with a blunt "I hope you die," the shock is complete and self-contained; music is neither necessary nor even desirable.

The flaw is a central one, and because of it *Regina* is most accurately classified a near miss as an opera, in spite of its tremendous impact. Whatever the final verdict may be, though, Blitzstein's place in history is secure, for if America is ever to develop an indigenous form of serious musical theater such works as this will lead the way, break the old molds, and win audiences not because of their privileged status as masterpieces but because they are vital, effective theater in language as well as in music.



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Two American Writers

I: Baldwin

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN, by James Baldwin. *Knopf. $3.50.*

THERE IS a woman in my home town who takes pride in befriending Negroes. She invites them right into her home. "I had the Johnsons over to dinner the other evening," she will say, and then, with a defiant matter-of-factness, she will add parenthetically, "They're Negroes, you know." After letting that sink in for a while, she will deliver an even sharper blow: "I declare, it would never occur to me that they're any different from you or I." It is pretty much like any other form of snobbery, and it does no great harm.

You will already have observed that I am prejudiced. It is better for me to admit it right at the beginning. My prejudice is against people who complacently assume that they're doing the Negro a great favor by reducing him to their own image and likeness: Such a definition takes something away from the Negro that he ought to keep, and no one really advances by denying his own individuality.

The Negro's political, economic, and social advance is, of course, in all ways good. But birthrights ought not to be sold, even for a good price. The melting-pot idea is a good one, but only up to a point: If the people who go into the melting pot lose not only their poverty, their illiteracy, and their stigma of servitude but also those special qualities which make them valuably different from the rest of us, we shall all be poorer. The Negro, who of all immigrants arrived with the least baggage, has built out of what he found here—even out of slavery—something that has beauty and dignity. Too many whites ignore it out of mistaken politeness, and too many Negroes ignore it out of mistaken shame.

THE NOVELS that have been written by and about Negroes—ranging from the high-minded sentimentality of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to the nearly paranoid outpourings of several living Negro writers—have told us a lot about the injustices that have been done to Negroes, but not much about Negroes themselves. By and large, they have been tracts rather than works of art. Within a year, however, a great change has been worked, first by Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and now by James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain*.

These two writers are explorers, searching for something that has been lost. It has been lost in their own pain and sorrow, and in the even worse pain and sorrow of their parents and grandparents. It takes a brave man to set out on such a journey, and one who understands, as Baldwin has written, "that the things which hurt him and the things which helped him cannot be divorced from each other; he could be helped in a certain way only because he was hurt in a certain way . . ."

In an autobiographical note that Baldwin prepared for his publisher, he has described the difficulties that beset a Negro's discovery of his own heritage: "I know, in any case, that the most crucial time in my own development came when I was forced to recognize that I was a kind of bastard of the West; when I followed the line of my past I did not find myself in Europe but in Africa. And this meant that in some subtle way, in a really profound way, I brought to Shakespeare, Bach, and Rembrandt, to the stones of Paris, to the cathedral at Chartres, and to the Empire State Building, a special attitude. These were not really my creations, they did not contain my history, I might search in them in vain forever for any reflection of myself. I was an interloper, this was not my heritage. At the same time I had no other heritage which I could possibly hope to use—I had certainly been unfitted for the jungle or the tribe. I would have to appropriate these white centuries, I would have to make them mine—I would have to accept my special attitude, my special place in this scheme—otherwise I would have no place in *any* scheme."

The appropriated material from those white centuries which Baldwin has chosen to make the greatest use of in his first novel is religion—that apocalyptic vision of salvation in heaven which the white man was considerate enough to give the black man along with slavery on earth.

Three generations of sin and travail, from the slave cabins of the South to the tenements of Harlem, are brought to an ironic climax in the ecstatic writhings of an adolescent boy on the floor of a store-front revivalist church. To John Grimes, the boy, the fear and hatred and longing in the secret prayers of the older members of his family, which Baldwin reveals in flashbacks, are unknown. But he can feel their weight on him.

BALDWIN tells of the boy's conversion in chanting Old Testament rhetoric: "The silence in the church ended when Brother Elisha, kneeling near the piano, cried out and fell backward under the power of the Lord. Immediately, two or three others cried out also, and a wind, a foretaste of that great downpouring they awaited, swept the church. With this cry, and the echoing cries, the tarry service moved from its first stage of steady murmuring, broken by moans and now and again an isolated cry, into that stage of tears and groaning, of calling aloud and singing, which was like the labor of a

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woman about to be delivered of her child. On this threshing-floor the child was the soul that struggled to the light, and it was the church that was in labor, that did not cease to push and pull, calling on the name of Jesus. When Brother Elisha cried out and fell back, crying, Sister McCandless rose and stood over him to help him pray. For the rebirth of the soul was perpetual; only rebirth every hour could stay the hand of Satan.

"Sister Price began to sing: 'I want to go through, Lord. . .'"

John Grimes, astonished by the power of the Lord and by the frenzy of his fellow worshipers, finds himself, even against his will, "invaded, set at nought, possessed." A voice within him "insisted yet once more that he rise from that filthy floor if he did not want to become like all the other niggers."

But the weight of three generations and his own experience cannot be denied: "Then John saw the Lord —for a moment only; and the darkness, for a moment only, was filled with a light he could not bear. Then, in a moment, he was set free; his tears sprang as from a fountain; his heart, like a fountain of waters, burst. Then he cried: 'Oh, blessed Jesus! Oh Lord Jesus! Take me through!'"

The boy, for the moment at least, believes that he has found salvation. And surely James Baldwin has found something too in that old pain and in that old faith. It is a rich heritage.

I SHALL now state what I think Baldwin does not mean. I do not think he means that all Negroes should go back to a particular form of worship that may perhaps no longer express their religious convictions. He means that the past, which is all that makes the present coherent, must be accepted, and that in the things which hurt can often be found the things which help.

—ROBERT K. BINGHAM

II: Anderson

LETTERS OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON. Introduction and Notes by Howard Mumford Jones in association with Walter B. Rideout. *Little, Brown. $6.00.*

HE WAS always trying to get at the same thing through all the years, in all these letters. When he writes: "I want to be as nice as a horse or a dog, and can't," you can see that he is trying to say something about simplicity and nature, but the words do not ring true. Often he is embarrassing: "I went past an oats field being planted yesterday and thought 'Why in hell can't I grow with the oats in that field?' I wanted to bury myself in the field and come up green." The proposition that nothing should ever be printed that "could not be read aloud in the presence of a cornfield" is comic.

But when Anderson tells how he tore up twenty to thirty thousand words of a novel twice in a summer you see what he is after much better than when he is calling his correspondents "brother," or saying that love is the only thing that matters, or talking about loneliness. In these letters there is a tremendous amount of wordage that sounds strained and false—as if Anderson were beating his brains out in an effort to sound forever like the man who wrote *Winesburg, Ohio.* But somehow, when you have read the letters, you know that it was against the false and the strained that Anderson spent a lifetime fighting. It does not matter whether he won or lost.

Do not be "fooled by my crudeness," he wrote; "in my own way [I am] trying to live in the old tradition of artists. . . . I have had a great fear of phrase-making. Words . . . are very tricky things. Look, for example, how that man Mencken can rattle words like dice in a box. . . . I do not want to make them rattle."

It was not that Anderson was uninterested in form but that form, he was sure, could only come from the complete truth of statement. One does not take life and put life into the forms, the tested forms of the short story or of the novel. That is the way to make money by writing, but when young men wrote to Anderson asking how to make money by writing, he replied that he could not advise them on the subject. "A man can reason himself into [doing] it," he wrote. "I did—for a house and a woman, doing things for *Vanity Fair.* The stink of it isn't out of me yet." Selling out for money is not worth talking about: You do or you don't. Selling out for applause and prestige is a greater temptation, more deeply harmful. But what a writer really has to resist, in his inescapable longing to reach other men's minds, is the idea that perhaps he must use the common tricks of plot, the neat ending, or be misunderstood.

Anderson knew what it means to be misunderstood. After a dinner party a lady, discovering that her neighbor had been the author of *Winesburg, Ohio,* said she felt dirty all over. But that was not what hurt most. The misunderstanding went deeper than an argument over pornography. Anderson wrote about humble people at work in the fields or in the factories, and it was when this tenderness and love were condemned as mawkish that the misunderstanding was hard to bear. It was when critics took his simplicity for device, his cornfields for stage sets, his groping and formlessness for conscious posing, that Anderson was forced to question his way of writing --and still thought it good.

Sherwood Anderson hated anything smart, anything shrill. There is one sentence in this book which tells what he loved. He had been spending a week at Niagara Falls. He thought the falls were very grand. He wrote: "I got to thinking how much more interesting were the little, quieter rivers . . ."

—GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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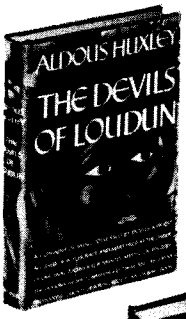

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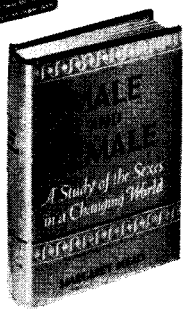

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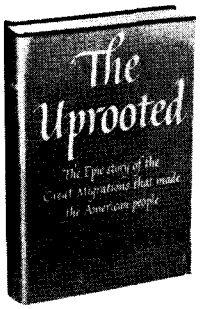

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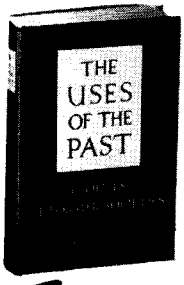

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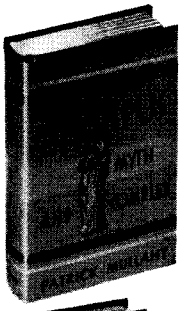

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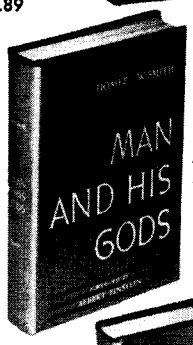

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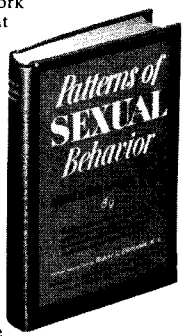

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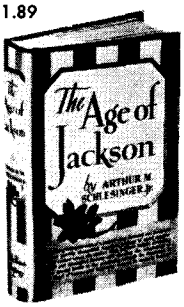

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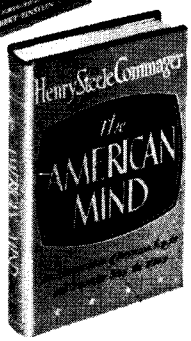

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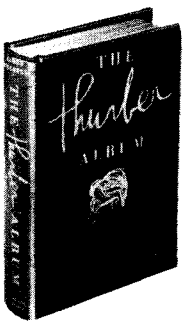

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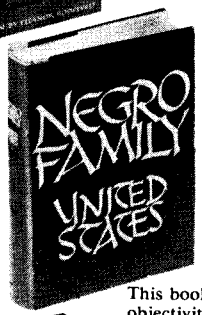

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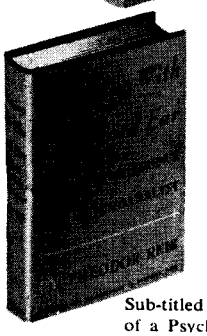

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